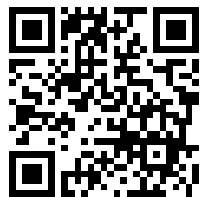


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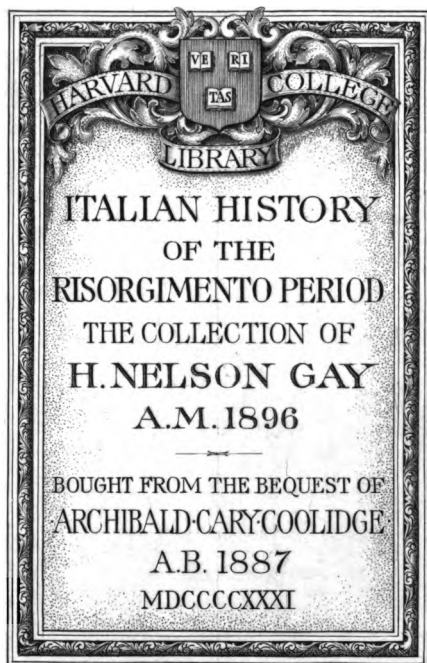
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# Catholic World

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

APRIL, 1871.

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THE  
CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XIII., No. 73.—APRIL, 1871.

UNIFICATION AND EDUCATION.\*

THE Hon. Henry Wilson, recently re-elected senator in Congress from Massachusetts, may not be distinguished as an original thinker or as a statesman of commanding ability, but no man is a surer index to his party or a more trustworthy exponent of its sentiments and tendencies, its aims and purposes. This gives to his article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, indicating the policy to be pursued by the Republican party, a weight it might not otherwise possess.

Mr. Wilson is a strong political partisan, but he is above all a fervent Evangelical, and his aim, we presume, is to bring his political party to coincide with his Evangelical party, and make each strengthen the other. We of course, as a Catholic organ, have nothing to say of questions in issue between different political parties so long as they do not involve the rights and interests of our

religion, or leave untouched the fundamental principles and genius of the American system of government, although we may have more or less to say as American citizens; but when either party is so ill-advised as to aim a blow either at the freedom of our religion or at our federative system of government, we hold ourselves free, and in duty bound, to warn our fellow-citizens and our fellow-Catholics of the impending danger, and to do what we can to avert or arrest the blow. We cannot, without incurring grave censure, betray by our silence the cause of our religion or of our country, for fear that by speaking we may cross the purposes of one or another party, and seem to favor the views and policy of another.

Mr Wilson's *New Departure* is unquestionably revolutionary, and therefore not lawful for any party in this country to adopt. It is expressed in two words, NATIONAL UNIFICATION and NATIONAL EDUCATION—that is, the consolidation of

\* *New Departure of the Republican Party.* By Henry Wilson. *The Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, January, 1871.

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all the powers of government in the general government, and the social and religious unification of the American people by means of a system of universal and uniform compulsory education, adopted and enforced by the authority of the united or consolidated states, not by the states severally each within its own jurisdiction and for its own people. The first is decidedly revolutionary and destructive of the American system of federative government, or the division of powers between a general government and particular state governments; the second, in the sense proposed, violates the rights of parents and annihilates the religious liberty secured by the constitution and laws both of the several states and of the United States.

The general government, in our American political system, is not the national government, or any more national than the several state governments. The national government with us is divided between a general government having charge of our relations with other powers and internal matters of a general nature and common to all the states, and particular state governments having charge of matters local and particular in their nature, and clothed with all the powers of supreme national governments not expressly delegated to the general government. In the draft of the federal constitution reported by the committee to the convention of 1787, the word *national* was used, but the convention finally struck it out, and inserted wherever it occurred the word *general*, as more appropriately designating the character and powers of the government they were creating. It takes under our actual system both the state governments and the general government to make one complete national government, invested with all the pow-

ers of government. By making the general government a supreme national government, we make it the source of all authority, subordinate the state governments to it, make them hold from it, and deprive them of all independent or undivided rights. This would completely subvert our system of government, according to which the states hold their powers immediately from the political people, and independently of any suzerain or overlord, and the general government from the states or the people organized as states united in convention. A more complete change of the government or destruction of the federative principle, which constitutes the chief excellence and glory of our system, it would be difficult to propose, or even to conceive, than is set forth in Mr. Wilson's programme.

Mr. Wilson, however, is hardly justified in calling the revolution he proposes a "New Departure." It has been the aim of a powerful party, under one name or another, ever since '1824, if not from the origin of the government itself. This party has been steadily pursuing it, and with increasing numbers and influence, ever since the anti-slavery agitation seriously commenced. At one time, and probably at all times, it has been moved chiefly by certain business interests which it could not advance according to its mind by state legislation, and for which it desired federal legislation and the whole power of a national government, but which it could not get because the constitution and the antagonistic interests created by slave labor were opposed to it. It then turned philanthropist and called in philanthropy to its aid—philanthropy which makes light of constitutions and mocks at state lines, and claims the right to go wherever it conceives the voice of humanity calls it. Under the pretext

of philanthropy. the party turned abolitionist, and sought to bring under the action of the general government the question of slavery manifestly reserved to the states severally, and which it belonged to each to settle for itself in its own way. A civil war followed. The slaves were emancipated, and slavery abolished, professedly under the war-power of the Union, as a military necessity, which nobody regrets. But the party did not stop here. Forgetful that the extraordinary war-power ceases with the war, and military necessity can no longer be pleaded, it has, under one pretext or another, such as protecting and providing for the freedmen and reconstructing the states that seceded, continued to exercise it ever since the war was over, and by constitutional amendments of doubtful validity, since ratified in part under military pressure by states not yet reconstructed or held to be duly organized states in the Union, it has sought to legitimate it, and to incorporate it into the constitution as one of the ordinary peace-powers of the government.

The party has sometimes coincided, and sometimes has not strictly coincided, with one or another of the great political parties that have divided the country, but it has always struggled for the consolidation of all the powers of government in the general government. Whether prompted by business interests or by philanthropy, its wishes and purposes have required it to get rid of all co-ordinate and independent bodies that might interfere with, arrest, or limit the power of Congress, or impose any limitation on the action of the general government not imposed by the arbitrary will of the majority of the people, irrespective of their state organization.

What the distinguished senator urges we submit, therefore, is simply

the policy of consolidation or centralization which his party has steadily pursued from the first, and which it has already in good part consummated. It has abolished slavery, and unified the labor system of the Union; it has contracted a public debt, whether needlessly or not, large enough to secure to the consolidation of the powers of a national government in the general government the support of capitalists, bankers, railroad corporators, monopolists, speculators, projectors, and the business world generally. Under pretence of philanthropy, and of carrying out the abolition of slavery, and abolishing all civil and political distinctions of race or color, it has usurped for the general government the power to determine the question of suffrage and eligibility, under the constitution and by the genius of our government reserved to the states severally, and sends the military and swarms of federal inspectors into the states to control, or at least to look after, the elections, in supreme contempt of state authority. It has usurped for the general government the power of granting charters of incorporation for private business purposes elsewhere than in the District of Columbia, and induced it to establish national bureaus of agriculture and education, as if it was the only and unlimited government of the country, which it indeed is fast becoming.

The work of consolidation or unification is nearly completed, and there remains little to do except to effect the social and religious unification of the various religions, sects, and races that make up the vast and diversified population of the country; and it is clear from Mr. Wilson's programme that his party contemplate moulding the population of European and of African origin, Indians and Asiatics, Protestants and Catholics, Jews and

pagans, into one homogeneous people, after what may be called the New England Evangelical type. Neither his politics nor his philanthropy can tolerate any diversity of ranks, conditions, race, belief, or worship. A complete unification must be effected, and under the patronage and authority of the general government.

Mr. Wilson appears not to have recognized any distinction between unity and union. Union implies plurality or diversity; unity excludes both. Yet he cites, without the least apparent misgiving, the fathers of the republic—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, and Madison—who were strenuous for the union of the several states, as authorities in favor of their unity or consolidation in one supreme national government. There were points in which these great men differed among themselves—some of them wished to give more, some of them less, power to the general government—some of them would give more, some of them less, power to the executive, etc., but they all agreed in their efforts to establish the union of the states, and not one of them but would have opposed their unity or consolidation into a single supreme government. Mr. Wilson is equally out in trying, as he does, to make it appear that the strong popular sentiment of the American people, in favor of union, is a sentiment in favor of unity or unification.

But starting with the conception of unity or consolidation, and resolving republicanism into the absolute supremacy of the will of the people, irrespective of state organization, Mr. Wilson can find no stopping-place for his party short of the removal of all constitutional or organic limitations on the irresponsible will of the majority for the time, which he contends should in all things be

supreme and unopposed. His republicanism, as he explains it, is therefore incompatible with a well-ordered state, and is either no government at all, but universal anarchy, or the unmitigated despotism of majorities—a despotism more oppressive and crushing to all true freedom and manly independence, than any autocracy that the world has ever seen. The fathers of the republic never understood republicanism in this sense. They studied to restrict the sphere of power, and to guard against the supremacy of mere will, whether of the monarch, the nobility, or the people.

But having reached the conclusion that true republicanism demands unification, and the removal of all restrictions on the popular will, Mr. Wilson relies on the attachment of the American people to the republican idea to carry out and realize his programme, however repugnant it may be to what they really desire and suppose they are supporting. He knows the people well enough to know that they do not usually discriminate with much niceness, and that they are easily caught and led away by a few high-sounding phrases and popular catchwords, uttered with due gravity and assurance—perhaps he does not discriminate very nicely, and is himself deceived by the very phrases and catchwords which deceive them. It is not impossible. At any rate, he persuades himself unification or consolidation can be carried forward and effected by appeals to the republican instincts and tendencies of the American people, and secured by aid of the colored vote and woman suffrage, soon to be adopted as an essential element in the revolutionary movement. The colored people, it is expected, will vote as their preachers direct, and their preachers will direct as they are directed by the



vangelicals. The women who will vote, if woman suffrage is adopted, are evangelicals, philanthropists, or humanitarians, and are sure to follow their instincts and vote for the unification or centralization of power—the more unlimited, the better.

But the chief reliance for the permanence in power of the party of consolidation is universal and uniform compulsory education by the general government, which will, if adopted, complete and preserve the work of unification. Education is the American hobby—regarded, as uneducated or poorly educated people usually regard it, as a sort of panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. We ourselves, as Catholics, are as decidedly as any other class of American citizens in favor of universal education, as thorough and extensive as possible—if its quality suits us. We do not, indeed, prize so highly as some of our countrymen appear to do the simple ability to read, write, and cipher; nor do we believe it possible to educate a whole people so that every one, on attaining his majority, will understand the bearing of all political questions or comprehend the complexities of statesmanship, the effects at large of all measures of general or special legislation, the bearing on productive industry and national wealth of this or that financial policy, the respective merits of free trade and protection, or what in a given time or given country will the best secure individual freedom and the public good. This is more than we ourselves can understand, and we believe we are better educated than the average American. We do not believe that the great bulk of the people of any nation can ever be so educated as to understand the essential political, financial, and economical questions of government for themselves, and they

will always have to follow blindly their leaders, natural or artificial. Consequently, the education of the leaders is of far greater importance than the education of those who are to be led. All men have equal natural rights, which every civil government should recognize and protect, but equality in other respects, whether sought by levelling downward or by levelling upward, is neither practicable nor desirable. Some men are born to be leaders, and the rest are born to be led. Go where we will in society, in the halls of legislation, the army, the navy, the university, the college, the district school, the family, we find the few lead, the many follow. It is the order of nature, and we cannot alter it if we would. Nothing can be worse than to try to educate all to be leaders. The most pitiable sight is a congressional body in which there is no leader, an army without a general, but all lead, all command—that is, nobody leads or commands. The best ordered and administered state is that in which the few are well educated and lead, and the many are trained to obedience, are willing to be directed, content to follow, and do not aspire to be leaders. In the early days of our republic, when the few were better educated than now and the many not so well, in the ordinary sense of the term, there was more dignity in the legislative, judicial, and executive branches of the government, more wisdom and justice in legislation, and more honesty, fidelity, and capacity in the administration. In extending education and endeavoring to train all to be leaders, we have only extended presumption, pretension, conceit, indocility, and brought incapacity to the surface.

These, we grant, are unpopular truths, but they, nevertheless, are truths, which it is worse than idle to deny. Everybody sees it, feels it

but few have the courage to avow it in face of an intolerant and tyrannical public opinion. For ourselves, we believe the peasantry in old Catholic countries, two centuries ago, were better educated, although for the most part unable to read or write, than are the great body of the American people to-day. They had faith, they had morality, they had a sense of religion, they were instructed in the great principles and essential truths of the Gospel, were trained to be wise unto salvation, and they had the virtues without which wise, stable, and efficient government is impracticable. We hear it said, or rather read in the journals, that the superiority the Prussian troops have shown to the French is due to their superior education. We do not believe a word of it. We have seen no evidence that the French common soldiers are not as well educated and as intelligent as the Prussian. The superiority is due to the fact that the Prussian officers were better educated in their profession, were less overweening in their confidence of victory, and maintained better and severer discipline in their armies, than the French officers. The Northern armies in our recent civil war had no advantage in the superior education of the rank and file over the Southern armies, where both were equally well officered and commanded. The *morale* of an army is no doubt the great thing, but it does not depend on the ability of the common soldier to read, write, and cipher; it depends somewhat on his previous habits and pursuits—chiefly on the officers. Under the first Napoleon, the Prussians were not superior to the French, though as well educated. Good officers, with an able general at their head, can make an efficient army out of almost any materials.

It is not, therefore, for political or

military reasons that we demand universal education, whether by the general government or under the state governments. We demand it, as far as practicable, for other and far higher reasons. We want it for a spiritual or religious end. We want our children to be educated as thoroughly as they can be, but in relation to the great purpose of their existence, so as to be fitted to gain the end for which God creates them. For the great mass of the people, the education needed is not secular education, which simply sharpens the intellect and generates pride and presumption, but moral and religious education, which trains up children in the way they should go, which teaches them to be honest and loyal, modest and unpretending, docile and respectful to their superiors, open and ingenuous, obedient and submissive to rightful authority, parental or conjugal, civil or ecclesiastical; to know and keep the commandments of God and the precepts of the church; and to place the salvation of the soul before all else in life. This sort of education can be given only by the church or under her direction and control; and as there is for us Catholics only one church, there is and can be no proper education for us not given by or under the direction and control of the Catholic Church.

But it is precisely education by the Catholic Church that Mr. Wilson and his party do not want, do not believe in, and wish to prevent us from having even for our own children. It is therefore they demand a system of universal and uniform compulsory education by the authority and under the direction of the general government, which shall effect and maintain the national unification proposed, by compelling all the children of the land to be trained in national schools, under Evangelical control

and management. The end and aim of the *New Departure*, aside from certain business interests, is to suppress Catholic education, gradually extinguish Catholicity in the country, and to form one homogeneous American people after the New England Evangelical type. Of this there can be no reasonable doubt. The Evangelicals and their humanitarian allies, as all their organs show, are seriously alarmed at the growth of Catholicity in the United States. They supposed, at first, that the church could never take root in our Protestant soil, that she could not breathe the atmosphere of freedom and enlightenment, or thrive in a land of newspapers and free schools. They have been disappointed, and now see that they reckoned without their host, and that, if they really mean to prevent the American people from gradually becoming Catholic, they must change fundamentally the American form of government, suppress the freedom of religion hitherto enjoyed by Catholics, and take the training of all children and youth into their own hands. If they leave education to the wishes and judgment of parents, Catholic parents will bring up their children Catholics; if they leave it to the states separately, Catholics in several of them are already a powerful minority, daily increasing in strength and numbers, and will soon be strong enough to force the state legislatures to give them their proportion of the public schools supported at the public expense.

All this is clear enough. What, then, is to be done? Mr. Wilson, who is not remarkable for his reticence, tells us, if not with perfect frankness, yet frankly enough for all practical purposes. It is to follow out the tendency which has been so strengthened of late, and absorb the states in the Union, take away the independence

of the state governments, and assume the control of education for the general government, already rendered practically the supreme national government;—then, by appealing to the popular sentiment in favor of education, and saying nothing of its quality, get Congress, which the Evangelicals, through the party in power, already control, to establish a system of compulsory education in national schools—and the work is done; for these schools will necessarily fall into Evangelical hands.

Such is what the distinguished Evangelical senator from Massachusetts calls a “New Departure,” but which is really only carrying out a policy long since entered upon, and already more than half accomplished. While we are writing, Mr. Hoar, a representative in Congress from Massachusetts, has introduced into the House of Representatives a bill establishing a system of national education under the authority of the general government. Its fate is not yet known, but no doubt will be, before we go to press. The probabilities are that it will pass both Houses, and if it does, it will receive the signature of the President as a matter of course. The Evangelicals—under which name we include Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Dutch Reformed, Baptists, and Methodists, etc.—all the denominations united in the Evangelical Alliance—constitute, with their political and philanthropic allies, the majority in Congress, and the measure is advocated apparently by the whole Evangelical press and by the larger and more influential republican journals of the country, as any number of excerpts from them now before us will satisfy any one who has the curiosity to read them. We did think of selecting and publishing the more striking and authoritative among them, but we have concluded



to hold them in reserve, to be produced in case any one should be rash enough to question our general statement. There is a strong popular feeling in many parts of the country in favor of the measure, which is a pet measure also of the Evangelical ministers generally, who are sure to exert their powerful influence in its support, and we see no reason to doubt that the bill will pass.

But while we see ample cause for all citizens who are loyal to the system of government which Providence enabled our fathers to establish, and who wish to preserve it and the liberties it secures, to be vigilant and active, we see none for alarm. The bill, if it passes, will be manifestly unconstitutional, even counting the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments as valid parts of the constitution; and there may be more difficulty in carrying it into effect than its framers anticipate. It is part and parcel of a New England policy, and New England is not omnipotent throughout the Union, nor very ardently loved; not all the members of the several evangelical denominations will, when they understand it, favor the revolution in the government Mr. Wilson would effect. There are in those denominations many men who belong not to the dominant party, and who will follow their political rather than their denominational affinities; also, there are in them a large number, we should hope, of honest men, who are not accustomed to act on the maxim, "the end justifies the means," loyal men and patriotic, who consider it no less disloyalty to seek to revolutionize our government against the states than against the Union, and who will give their votes and all their influence to preserve the fundamental principles and genius of our federative system of government, as left us by our fathers, and resist,

if need be, to the death the disloyal policy of unification and education proposed by Mr. Wilson.

The Southern states are reconstructed and back now in their place in the Union, and will not be much longer represented by Northern adventurers, or men of little ability and less character, but very soon by genuine Southern men, who, while strictly loyal to the Union, will speak the genuine sentiments of the Southern people. The attempt to New-Englandize the Southern people has not succeeded, and will not succeed. When to the Southern people, who will never acquiesce in the policy of unification, we add the large number of people in the Northern states who from their political convictions and affinities, as well as from their conservative tendencies, will oppose consolidation, we may feel pretty sure that the policy Mr. Wilson presents as that of the Republican party will not be adopted, or if adopted will not be permitted to stand. As not wholly inexperienced in political matters, and looking at the present state of parties and temper of the nation, we should say that Mr. Wilson, as a party man, has committed a blunder, and that, if he has fancied that his *New Departure* is fitted to strengthen his party as a political party, and to give it a new lease of power, he has miscalculated. Nothing in our judgment would be more fatal to the continuance of his party in power than for it boldly and unequivocally to accept Mr. Wilson's programme. There is such a thing as reaction in human affairs, and reactions are sometimes very powerful.

The educational question ought not to present any serious difficulty, and would not if our Evangelicals and humanitarians did not wish to make education a means of preventing the growth of the church and

unmaking the children of Catholics, as Catholics; or if they seriously and in good faith would accept the religious equality before the state which the constitution and laws, both of the Union and the several states, as yet recognize and protect. No matter what we claim for the Catholic Church in the theological order—we claim for her in the civil order in this country only equality with the sects, and for Catholics only equal rights with citizens who are not Catholics. We demand the freedom of conscience and the liberty of our church, which is our conscience, enjoyed by Evangelicals. This much the country in its constitution and laws has promised us, and this much it cannot deny us without breaking its faith pledged before the world.

As American citizens, we object to the assumption of the control of education, or of any action in regard to it, by the general government; for it has no constitutional right to meddle with it, and so far as civil government has any authority in relation to it, it is, under our system of government, the authority of the states severally, not of the states united. We deny, of course, as Catholics, the right of the civil government to educate, for education is a function of the spiritual society, as much so as preaching and the administration of the sacraments; but we do not deny to the state the right to establish and maintain public schools. The state, if it chooses, may even endow religion, or pay the ministers of religion a salary for their support; but its endowments of religion, when made, are made to God, are sacred, and under the sole control and management of the spiritual authority, and the state has no further function in regard to them but to protect the spirituality in the free and full possession and enjoyment of

them. If it chooses to pay the ministers of religion a salary, as has been done in France and Spain, though accepted by the Catholic clergy only as a small indemnification for the goods of the church seized by revolutionary governments and appropriated to secular uses, it acquires thereby no rights over them or liberty to supervise their discharge of their spiritual functions. We do not deny the same or an equal right in regard to schools and school-teachers. It may found and endow schools and pay the teachers, but it cannot dictate or interfere with the education or discipline of the school. That would imply a union of church and state, or, rather, the subjection of the spiritual order to the secular, which the Catholic Church and the American system of government both alike repudiate.

It is said, however, that the state needs education for its own protection, and to promote the public good or the good of the community, both of which are legitimate ends of its institution. What the state needs in relation to its legitimate ends, or the ends for which it is instituted, it has the right to ordain and control. This is the argument by which all public education by the state is defended. But it involves an assumption which is not admissible. The state, having no religious or spiritual function, can give only secular education, and secular education is not enough for the state's own protection or its promotion of the public good. Purely secular education, or education divorced from religion, endangers the safety of the state and the peace and security of the community, instead of protecting and insuring them. It is not in the power of the state to give the education it needs for its own sake, or for the sake of secular society. The fact is, though statesmen, and

especially politicians, are slow to learn it, and still slower to acknowledge it, the state, or secular society, does not and cannot suffice for itself, and is unable to discharge its own proper functions without the co-operation and aid of the spiritual society. Purely secular education creates no civic virtues, and instead of fitting unfits the people for the prompt and faithful discharge of their civic duties, as we may see in Young America, and indeed in the present active and ruling generation of the American people. Young America is impatient of restraint, regards father and mother as old-fogies, narrow-minded, behind the age, and disdains filial submission or obedience to them, has no respect for dignities, acknowledges no superior, mocks at law if he can escape the police, is conceited, proud, self-sufficient, indocile, heedless of the rights and interests of others—will be his own master, and follow his own instincts, passions, or headstrong will. Are these the characteristics of a people fitted to maintain a wise, well-ordered, stable, and beneficent republican government? Or can such a people be developed from such youngerlings? Yet with purely secular education, however far you carry it, experience proves that you can get nothing better.

The church herself, even if she had full control of the education of all the children in the land, with ample funds at her command, could not secure anything better, if, as the state, she educated for a secular end alone. The virtues needed for the protection of the state and the advancement of the public or common good, are and can be secured only by educating or training the children and youth of a nation not for this life as an end, but for the life to come. Hence our Lord says, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his

justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." The church does not educate for the secular order as an end, but for God and heaven; and it is precisely in educating for God and heaven that she secures those very virtues on which the welfare and security of the secular order depend, and without which civil society tends inevitably to dissolution, and is sustained, if sustained at all, only by armed force, as we have seen in more than one European nation which has taken education into its own hand, and subordinated it to secular ends. The education needed by secular society can be obtained only from the spiritual society, which educates not for this world, but for the world to come. The virtues needed to secure this life are obtained only by seeking and promoting the virtues which fit us for eternal life.

This follows necessarily from the fact that man is created with a spiritual nature and for an immortal destiny. If he existed for this life only, if he were, as some sciolists pretend, merely a monkey or a gorilla developed, or were like the beasts that perish, this indeed would not and could not follow, and the reconciliation of the nature and destiny of man with uniform human experience would be impossible. We should be obliged, in order to secure the peace and good order of society, as some unbelieving statesmen do not blush to avow, to educate in view of a falsehood, and take care to keep up the delusion that man has a religious nature and destiny, or look to what is false and delusive for the virtues which can alone save us from anarchy and utter barbarism. Yet what would serve the delusion or the falsehood, if man differs not by nature from the dog or the pig? But if man has really a spiritual nature and an immortal destiny, then it must necessa-



rily follow that his real good can in no respect be obtained but in being educated and trained to live for a spiritual life, for an immortal destiny. Should not man be educated according to his spiritual nature and destiny, not as a pig or a monkey? If so, in his education should not the secular be subordinated to the spiritual, and the temporal to the eternal? We know well, experience proves it, that even the secular virtues are not secured when sought as the end of education and of life, but only in educating and living for that which is not secular, and in securing the virtues which have the promise of the life of the world to come.

All education, as all life, should be religious, and all education divorced from religion is an evil, not a good, and is sure in the long run to be ruinous to the secular order; but as a part of religious education, and included in it, secular education has its place, and even its necessity. Man is not all soul, nor all body, but the union of soul and body; and therefore his education should include in their union, not separation—for the separation of soul and body is the death of the body—both spiritual education and secular. It is not that we oppose secular education when given in the religious education, and therefore referred to the ultimate end of man, but when it is given alone and for its own sake. We deny the competency of the state to educate even for its own order, its right to establish purely secular schools, from which all religion is excluded, as Mr. Webster ably contended in his argument in the Girard will case; but we do not deny, we assert rather, its right to establish public schools under the internal control and management of the spiritual society, and to exact that a certain amount of secular instruction be given along with the re-

ligious education that society gives. This last right it has in consideration of the secular funds for the support of the schools it furnishes, and as a condition on which it furnishes them.

Let the state say distinctly how much secular education in the public schools it exacts, or judges to be necessary for its own ends, and so far as the Catholic Church has anything to do with the matter it can have it. The church will not refuse to give it in the schools under her control. She will not hesitate to teach along with her religion any amount of reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, music, and drawing, or the sciences and the fine arts, the state exacts and provides for; nor will she refuse to allow it to send, if it chooses, its own inspectors into her schools to ascertain if she actually gives the secular education required. Let it say, then, what amount of secular education it wants for all the children of the land, and is willing to pay for, and, so far as Catholics are concerned, it can have it, and of a good quality, to say the least, as it can get in purely secular schools, and along with it the religious education, the most essential to it as well as to the souls of all.

But the difficulty here, it is assumed, is that the spiritual society with us is divided into various denominations, each with its distinctive views of religion. That, no doubt, is a damage, but can be easily overcome by bearing in mind that the several divisions have equal rights, and by making the public schools denominational, as they are in Prussia, Austria, France, and to a certain extent in England, where denominational diversities obtain as well as with us. Where the community is divided between different religious denominations, all standing on a

footing of perfect equality before civil society, this is the only equitable system of public schools that is practicable. If the state does not adopt it, it must—1, let the whole business of education alone, and make no public provision for it; 2, establish purely secular, that is, godless schools, from which all religion is excluded, to which no religious people can be expected to consent, and which would ruin both public and private virtue, and defeat the very purpose of all education; or, 3, it must practically, if not theoretically, recognize some one of the several denominations as the state religion, and remit the education of childhood and youth to its management and control, as is virtually the case with our present public schools, but which would be manifestly unjust to all the others—to non-evangelicals, if evangelicalism is made the state religion, or to the Evangelicals, if a non-evangelical denomination be established as the religion of the state. The only way to be just to all is, as everybody can see, to recognize in practice as well as in profession the equal rights of all denominations in the civil order—make the public schools denominational, and give to each denomination that asks it for the sake of conscience its fair and honest proportion, to be as to their internal economy, education, and discipline under its sole control and management.

Mr. Wilson proposes for our admiration and imitation the Prussian system of public schools, and though we do not know that it is superior to the Austrian or even the French system, yet we think highly of it. But, what the Evangelical senator does not tell us, the Prussian system is strictly the denominational system, and each denomination is free and expected to educate in its own schools its own children, under the direction

of its pastors and teachers, in its own religion. The Prussian system recognizes the fact that different communions do exist among the Prussian people, and does not aim to suppress them or at unification by state authority. It meets the fact as it is, without seeking to alter it. Give us the Prussian system of denominational schools, and we shall be satisfied, even if education is made compulsory. We, of course, protest against any law compelling us to send our children to schools in which our religion cannot be freely taught, in which no religion is taught, or in which is taught in any shape or degree a religion which we hold to be false or perilous to souls. Such a law would violate the rights of parents and the freedom of conscience; but with denominational schools compulsory education would violate no one's conscience and no parental right. Parents ought, if able, to have their children educated, and if they will not send their children to schools provided for them by the public, and in which their religion is respected, and made the basis of the education given, we can see no valid reason why the law should not compel them. The state has the right, perhaps the duty, in aid of the spiritual society and for its own safety and the public good, to compel parents to educate their children when public schools of their own religion, under the charge of their own pastors, are provided for them at the public expense. Let the public schools be denominational, give us our proportion of them, so that no violence will be done to parental rights or to the Catholic conscience, and we shall be quite willing to have education made compulsory, and even if such schools are made national, though we should object as American citizens to them, we should as Catholics accept them. We hold state authority

is the only constitutional authority under our system to establish schools and provide for them at the public expense; but we could manage to get along with national denominational schools as well as others could. We could educate in our share of the public schools our own children in our own way, and that is all we ask. We do not ask to educate the children of others, unless with the consent or at the request of parents and guardians.

The Prussian system of denominational schools could be introduced and established in all the states without the least difficulty, if it were not for Evangelicals, their Unitarian offshoots, and their humanitarian allies. These are religious and philanthropic busybodies, who fancy they are the Atlas who upholds the world, and that they are deputed to take charge of everybody's affairs, and put them to rights. But they forget that their neighbors have rights as well as themselves, and perhaps intentions as honest and enlightened, and as much real wisdom and practical sagacity. The only obstacle to the introduction and establishment of a just and equitable system of public schools comes from the intolerant zeal of these Evangelicals, who seek to make the public schools an instrument for securing the national, social, and religious unification they are resolved on effecting, and for carrying out their purpose of suppressing the church and extirpating Catholicity from American soil. They want to use them in training our children up in the way of Evangelicalism, and moulding the whole American population into one homogeneous people, modelled, as we have said, after the New England Evangelical type. Here is the difficulty, and the whole difficulty. The denominational system would defeat their darling hope, their pet project,

and require them to live and let live. They talk much about freedom of conscience and religious liberty and equal rights; but the only equal rights they understand are all on their side, and they cherish such a tender regard for religious liberty, have so profound a respect for it, that they insist, like our Puritan forefathers, on keeping it all to themselves, and not to suffer it to be profaned or abused by being extended to others.

Prussia, though a Protestant country, does not dream of making the public schools a machine either for proselytism or unification. She is contented to recognize Catholics as an integral part of her population, and to leave them to profess and practise their own religion according to the law of their church. Our Evangelicals would do well to imitate her example. We Catholics are here, and here we intend to remain. We have as much right to be here as Evangelicals have. We are too many to be massacred or exiled, and too important and influential a portion of the American people to be of no account in the settlement of public affairs. We have votes, and they will count on whichever side we cast them; and we cannot reasonably be expected to cast them on the side of any party that is seeking to use its power as a political party to suppress our church and our religion, or even to destroy our federative system of government, and to leave all minorities at the mercy of the irresponsible majority for the time, with no other limit to its power than it sees proper to impose on itself; for we love liberty, and our church teaches us to be loyal to the constitution of our country.

The wisest course, since there are different religious denominations in the country, is to accept the situation, to recognize the fact, acquiesce in it,



and make the best of it. Any attempt to unmake, by the direct or indirect authority of the state, Catholics of their faith or any denomination of its belief, is sure to fail. Each denomination is free to use Scripture and reason, logic and tradition, all moral and intellectual weapons, against its rivals, and with that it should be contented. Whatever may be the rightful claims of the church in the theological order, she is contented with the civil protection of her equal rights in the political order. She asks—with the wealth, the fashion, the public opinion, the press, nine-tenths of the population of the country, and the seductions of the world against her—only “an open

field and fair play.” If she does not complain, her enemies ought to be satisfied with the advantages they have.

We have entered our protest against a party programme which threatens alike the genius of the American government and the freedom of religion, for so much was obviously our duty, both as Catholics and citizens. We are aware of the odds against us, but we have confidence in our countrymen that, though they may be momentarily deceived or misled, they will, when the real character of the programme we have exposed is once laid open to them, reject it with scorn and indignation, and hasten to do us justice.

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#### THE CROSS.

In weary hours to lonely heights  
When thou hast travelled sore,  
A sorrowing man hath borne his cross  
And gone thy way before.

Thine eyes cannot escape the sign  
On every hand that is  
Of him who bore the general woe,  
Nor knew a common bliss.

But men, remembering his face,  
Dreamed of him while they slept,  
And the mother by the cradle side  
Thought of his eye, and wept.

Now haunts the world his ghost whose fate  
Made all men's fates his own;  
So for the wrongs of modest hearts  
A myriad hearts atone.

Oh! deeply shall thy spirit toil  
To reach the height he trod,  
And humbly strive thy soul to know  
Its servant was its God.

Only earth's martyr is her lord;  
Such is the gain of loss:  
And, looking in all hearts, I see  
The signal of the cross.

## *The House of Yorke.*

### THE HOUSE OF YORKE.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### GENEALOGIES.

UNDER a thickly-branched tree in the northern part of one of the southern counties of Maine is a certain gray rock, matted over with dim green lichens that are spotted with dead gold. From under this rock springs a sparkling little stream. It is no storied fountain, rich with legends of splendor, poetry, and crime, but a dear, bright little Yankee brook, with the world all before it. That world it immediately proceeds to investigate. It creeps through thready grasses and russet pine-needles; it turns aside, with great respect, for a stone no larger than a rabbit; and when a glistening pitchy cone drops into it, the infant river labors under the burden. When the thirsty fawn comes there to drink, nearly the whole rivulet flows down its throat, and the cone is stranded high and dry; what there is left flows southward. A sunbeam pierces the scented gloom, creeps down a tree-trunk, steals over a knoll of green-and-brown tree-moss, which then looks like a tiny forest on fire, over yellow violets, which dissolve in its light, over a bank of rich dark mould veined with the golden powder of decayed pine-trees, moist and soft, and full of glistening white roots, where the flowers push down their pearly feet. Over the bank, into the water, goes the sunbeam, and the two frolic together, and the stream dives under the gnarled roots, so that its playmate would believe it lost but for that gurgle of laughter down in the cool, fresh dark. Then it leaps up,

and spreads itself out in a mirror, and the elder-tree, leaning over to look at the reflection of its fan-like leaves and clusters of white flowers, gets very erroneous ideas concerning its own personal appearance; for the palpitating rings that chase each other over the surface of the water make the brown stems crinkle, the leaves come to pieces and upite again, and the many flowers in each round cluster melt all together, then twinkle out individually, only to melt again into that bloomy full moon. Over this shimmer of flowers and water big bees fly, buzzing terribly. dragon-flies dart, or hang, purple-mailed, glittering creatures, with gauzy wings, and comical insects dance there, throwing spots of sunshine instead of shadow down to the leafy bed. Then the brook flows awhile in a green tranquil shadow, till, reaching the interlaced roots of two immense trees that hold a bank between them, it makes a sudden, foamy plunge the height of a stag's front. She is a bride then, you may say—she is Undine, looking through that white veil, and thinking new thoughts.

Now the bear comes down to drink and look at his ugly face in the deepening wave, foxes switch their long tails about the banks, deer come, as light-footed as shadows, drink, and fling up their short tails, with a flit of white, and trot away with a little sniff, and their heads thrown back, hearing the howl or the long stride of the wolf in pursuit. Rabbits come there, and squirrels leap and nibble in the branches above. Besides, there are shoals of pretty, slim fishes.

So through the mellow gloom and

sunny sparkle of the old forest, the clear brook wanders, growing wiser, and talking to itself about many things.

Presently the wild creatures withdraw, sunburnt children wade across from bank to bank, grassy clearings abound, there are farm-houses, and cows with tinkling bells; and then comes a bridge, and boats dance upon the water, and the stream is a river! Alas for the Indian name it brought up out of the earth with it, and lisped and gurgled and laughed to itself all the way down—the name spiked with *k*'s and choky-looking *gh*'s, rough to the eye, but sweet in the mouth, like a hazel-nut in the burr. The white settlers have changed all that.

Now, indeed, the young river puts on state, and lets people see that it is not to be waded through; and when they build a dam across, it flows grandly over, in a smooth, wine-colored curve. Times are changed, indeed, since the little gray birds with speckled breasts looked with admiration at its first cascade, since the bear, setting down his great paw, clumsily splashed the whole stream up over his shaggy leg. There are farms to keep up appearances before, mill-wheels to turn, and ships to bear up. Pine-cones, indeed! Besides, a new and strange experience has come to it, and its bosom pulses daily with the swelling of the tides. And here one village street, with white houses, follows its course a mile or so, and another street with white houses comes down to its bank from the west, crosses over, and goes up eastward. This town, with its two principal streets forming a cross near the mouth of the river, a white cross at the end of a silver chain—shall we call it Seaton? It is a good enough name. And the river shall be Seaton River, and the bay into

which it flows shall be Seaton Bay. But the ocean that makes the bay, and drinks the river, shall be Atlantic still.

We have spoken!

We follow the road that follows the stream on its eastern bank, cross West Street, get into a poor, dwindling neighborhood, leave the houses nearly all behind, go over two small, ill-conditioned hills, and find at our right a ship-yard with wharves, at our left a dingy little cottage, shaped like a travelling-trunk, and not much larger than some. It stands with its side toward the dusty road, a large, low chimney rises from the roof, there is a door with a window at each side of it. One can see at a glance from the outside how this house is divided. It has but two rooms below, with a tiny square entry between, and a low attic above. Each room has three windows, one on each of the three outer walls.

The kitchen looked toward the village through its north window. Opposite that was a large fireplace with an ill-tempered, crackling fire of spruce-wood, throwing out sparks and splinters. It was April weather, and not very warm yet. In the chimney-corner sat Mr. Rowan, sulkily smoking his pipe, his eyes fixed on the chimney-back. He was a large, slouching man, with an intelligent face brutalized by intemperance. Drunkard was written all over him, in the scorched black hair, not yet turning gray, in the dry lips, bloated features, and inflamed eyes. He sat in his shirt-sleeves, waiting impatiently while his wife put a patch in his one coat. Mrs. Rowan, a poor, faded, little frightened woman, whom her female acquaintances called "slack," sat near the south window, wrinkling her brows anxiously over the said patch, which was smaller than the hole it was destined to fill. The af-

ternoon sunshine spread a golden carpet close to her feet. In the light of it one could see the splinters in the much-scoured floor, and a few fraggles in the hem of Mrs. Rowan's calico gown.

At the eastern window sat Edith Yorke, eleven years of age, with a large book on her knees. Over this book, some illustrated work on natural history, she had been bending for an hour, her loose mop of tawny hair falling each side of the page. So cloistered, her profile was invisible; but, standing in front of her, one could see an oval face with regular features full of calm earnestness. Bright, arched lips, and a spirited curve in the nostrils, saved this face from the cold look which regular features often give. The large, drooping eyelids promised large eyes, the forehead was wide and not high, the brows long, slightly arched, and pale-brown in color, and the whole face, neck, hands, and wrists were tanned to a light quadron tint. But where the coarse sleeve had slipped up was visible an arm of dazzling whiteness. Outside the window, and but two rods distant, hung a crumbling clay bank, higher than the house, with a group of frightened alder-bushes looking over the top, and holding on with all their roots. Some day, in spite of their grip—the sooner, perhaps, because of its stress—the last frail hold was to be loosed, and the bushes were to come sliding down the bank, faster and faster, to pitch headlong into the mire at the bottom, with a weak crackling of all their poor doomed branches.

Presently the child looked up, with lights coming and going in her agate-colored eyes. "How wonderful frogs are!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

There was no reply.

She glanced at her two companions, scarcely conscious of them, her

mind full of something else. "But everything is wonderful, when you come to think of it," she pursued dreamily.

Mr. Rowan took the pipe from his mouth, turned his forbidding face, and glowered at the girl. "You're a wonderful fool!" he growled; then resumed his pipe, feeling better, apparently, for that expression of opinion. His wife glanced up, furtive and frightened, but said nothing.

Edith looked at the man unmoved, saw him an instant, then, still looking, saw him not. After a while she became aware, roused herself, and bent again over the book. Then there was silence, broken only by the snapping of the fire, the snip of Mrs. Rowan's scissors, and the lame, one-sided ticking of an old-fashioned clock on the mantelpiece.

After a while, as the child read, a new thought struck up. "That's just like! Don't you think"—addressing the company—"Major Cleaveland said yesterday that I had lightning-bugs in my eyes!"

Without removing his pipe, Mr. Rowan darted an angry look at his wife, whose face became still more frightened. "Dear me!" she said feebly, "that child is an idjut!"

This time the long, fading gaze dwelt on the woman before it went back to the book again. But the child was too closely ensphered in her own life to be much, if at all, hurt. Besides, she was none of theirs, nor of their kind. Her soul was no dying spark struggling through ashes, but a fire, "alive, and alive like to be," as children say when they wave the fire-brand, winding live ribbons in the air; and no drop of their blood flowed in her veins.

The clock limped over ten minutes more, and the patch was got into its place, after a fashion, botched somewhat, with the knots on the outside.

footing of perfect equality before civil society, this is the only equitable system of public schools that is practicable. If the state does not adopt it, it must—1, let the whole business of education alone, and make no public provision for it; 2, establish purely secular, that is, godless schools, from which all religion is excluded, to which no religious people can be expected to consent, and which would ruin both public and private virtue, and defeat the very purpose of all education; or, 3, it must practically, if not theoretically, recognize some one of the several denominations as the state religion, and remit the education of childhood and youth to its management and control, as is virtually the case with our present public schools, but which would be manifestly unjust to all the others—non-evangelicals, if evangelicalism is made the state religion, or to the Evangelicals, if a non-evangelical denomination be established as the religion of the state. The only way to be just to all is, as everybody can see, to recognize in practice as well as in profession the equal rights of all denominations in the civil order—make the public schools denominational, and give to each denomination that asks it for the sake of conscience its fair and honest proportion, to be as to their internal economy, education, and discipline under its sole control and management.

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The wisest course, since there are different religious denominations in the country, is to accept the situation, to recognize the fact, acquiesce in it,

Mr. Rowan took the coat, grumbled at it, put it on, and went out, glancing back at the child as he opened the door. She was looking after him with an expression which he interpreted to mean aversion and contempt. Perhaps he mistook. May be she was wondering at him, what sort of strange being he was. Edith Yorke was very curious regarding the world she had got into. It seemed to her a queer place, and that she had at present not much concern in it.

Her husband out of the way, Mrs. Rowan took her knitting-work, and stood a moment at the north window, gazing up toward the town, with a far-away look of blunted expectancy, as if she had got in the habit of looking for help which never came. Then she drew a long sigh, that also a habit, and, resuming her chair, began to knit and to rock herself, letting her mind, what there was left of it, swing to and fro, unmeaningly and miserably, to the sound of the clock as it ticked. "O dear! O dear!"—that was what the ticking always said to this poor soul. As she sat, the afternoon sun, sinking lower, crept about her feet, climbed to her lap, got hold of her knitting, and ran in little bright flashes along the needles, and snapped off in sparks at the ends, so that she seemed to be knitting sunshine.

This woman was what remained at forty of a pretty, flaxen-haired girl of eighteen, who had captivated handsome Dick Rowan;—for he had been handsome. A faded rag of a woman she was, without hope or spirit, all the color and life washed out of her in a bitter rain of tears. The pink cheeks had faded, and only the ghost remained of that dimple that had once seemed to give meaning to her smiles. The curly hair was dry and thin, and had an air of chro-

nic untidiness. The blue-gray eyes were dim and heavy, the teeth were nearly all gone. The pretty, chirping ways that had been captivating when youth covered their silliness—oh! where had they gone? She was a weak, broken-hearted, shiftless little woman, and her husband hated her. He felt wronged and cheated by her. He was more disappointed than Ixion, for in this cloud there had never even been a goddess. If she had sometimes turned upon him, when he acted like a brute, and scorned him for it, he would have liked her better; but she shrank, and cowered, and trembled, made him feel himself ten times the brute she dared not call him, yet gave him nothing to resent. "Gentle, is she?" he cried out once in a rage. "She is not! She is weak and slavish. A person cannot be gentle who cannot be something else."

So the poor woman suffered, and got neither pity nor credit from the one who caused her suffering. It was hard; and yet, she was nobler in her misery than she would have been in happiness. For sorrow gave her now and then a touch of dignity; and when, stung with a sudden perception of her own nothingness, she flung her desperate hands upward, and called upon God to deliver her, a certain tragical power and beauty seemed to wrap her round. Mrs. Rowan happy would have been a trivial woman, meaning no great harm, because meaning no great anything; but the fiery furnace of pain had scorched her up, and what remained was pure.

When the two were alone, Edith dropped her book, and looked across the room at her companion. Mrs. Rowan, busy with her own sad thoughts, took no notice of her, and presently the child glanced past her, and out the window. The view was

not bad. First came the dusty road, then the ship-yard, then the river sparkling, but rather the worse for sawdust and lath-edgings that came down from the lumber-mills above the village. But here all that was sordid came to an end. The meanness and misery on the hitherward bank were like witches, who cannot cross running water. From the opposite bank rose a long, grassy hill, unmarred by road or fence. In summer-time you could see from far away the pinkness of the wild-roses that had seen fit to bind with a blooming cestus the dented waist of this hill. Behind them was a green spray of locust and laburnum trees, then dense round tops of maples, and elms in graceful groups, half-hiding the roofs and gables of Major Cleaveland's house—the great house of the village, as its owner was the great man. Behind that was a narrow rim of pines and spruces, making the profile of an enchanted city against the horizon, and above that a vast hollow of unobstructed sky. In that space the sunsets used to build their jasper walls, and calm airs stretch long lines of vapor across, till the whole west was a stringed instrument whereon a full symphony of colors played good-night to the sun. There the west wind blew up bubbles of rosy cloud, and the new moon put forth her gleaming sickle to gather in the sheaf of days, a never-failing harvest, through storm and sunshine, hoarfrost and dew. There the pearly piles of cumuli used to slumber on summer afternoons, lightnings growing in their bosoms to flash forth at evening; and there, when a long storm ended with the day, rose the solid arch of cerulean blue. When it had reached a certain height, Edith Yorke would run into the south room, and look out to see the rainbow suspend its miraculous arch over the retreating

storm. This little girl, to whom everything was so wonderful when she came to think of it, was a dear lover of beauty.

"O dear! O dear!" ticked the clock; and the barred sunshine turned slowly on the floor, as if the ugly little house were the hub of a huge, leisurely wheel of gold.

Edith dropped her book, and went to Mrs. Rowan's side, taking a stool with her, and sitting down in the midst of the sunshine.

"I'm afraid I shall forget my story, Mrs. Jane, unless I say it over again," she said. "And, you know, mamma told me never to forget."

Mrs. Rowan roused herself, glad of anything which could take her mind from her own troubles. "Well, tell it all over to me now," she said. "I haven't heard it this long time."

"Will you be sure to correct me if I am wrong?" the child asked anxiously.

"Yes, I will. But don't begin till I have taken up the heel of this stocking."

The stitches were counted and evened, half of them taken off on to a thread, and the other half, with the seam-stitch in the middle, knit backward once. Then Edith began to repeat the story confided to her by her dead mother.

"My grandpapa and grandmamma were Polish exiles. They had to leave Poland when Aunt Marie was only a year old, and before mamma was born. They couldn't take their property with them, but only jewels, and plate, and pictures. They went to Brussels, and there my mamma was born, and the queen was her god-mother, and sent the christening-robe. Mamma kept the robe till she grew up; but when she was in America, and was poor, and wanted to go to a party, she cut it up to make the waist and sleeves of a dress. Poverty is

no disgrace, mamma said, but it is a great inconvenience. By-and-by, they left Brussels, and went to England. Grandpapa wanted some way to get money to live on, for they had sold nearly all their pictures and things. They stayed in England not very long. Countess Poniatowski called on grandmamma, and she had on a black velvet bonnet with red roses in it; so I suppose it was winter. Then one day grandpapa took mamma out to walk in a park; so I suppose that was summer. There were some gentlemen in the park that they talked to, and one of them, a gentleman with a hook nose, who was sitting down on a bench, took mamma on his knees, and started to kiss her. But mamma slapped his face. She said he had no right to kiss people who didn't want him to, not even if he were a king. His name was the Duke of Wellington. Then they all came to America, and people here were very polite to them, because they were Polish exiles, and of noble birth. But they couldn't eat nor drink nor wear politeness, mamma said, and so they grew poorer and poorer every day, and didn't know what they would do. Once they travelled with Henry Clay two weeks, and had quite a nice time, and they went to Ashland and stayed all night. When they went away the next day, Mr. Clay gave mamma and Aunt Marie the little mugs they had had to drink out of. But they didn't care much about 'em, and they broke 'em pretty soon. Mamma said she didn't know then that Mr. Clay was a great man. She thought that just a mister couldn't be great. She had always seen lords and counts, and grandpapa was a colonel in the army—Colonel Lubormirski his name was. But she said that in this country a man might be great, even if he wasn't anything but a mister, and that my papa was as great as a

prince. Well, then they came to Boston, and Aunt Marie died, and they buried her, and mamma was almost nine years old. People used to pet and notice her, and everybody talked about her hair. It was thick and black, and it curled down to her waist. One day Doctor Somebody, I can never recollect his name, took her out walking on the Common, and they went into Mr. John Quincy Adams's house. And Mr. Adams took one of mamma's curls, and held it out, and said it was long enough and large enough to hang the Czar with. And she said that they might have it all if they'd hang him with it. And then poor grandpapa had to go to Washington, and teach dancing and fencing, because that was all he could do. And pretty soon grandmamma broke her heart and died. And then after a little while grandpapa died. And, after that, mamma had to go out sewing to support herself, and she went to Boston, and sewed in Mr. Yorke's family. And Mr. Yorke's youngest brother fell in love with her, and she fell in love with him, and they married each other in spite of everybody. So the family were awfully angry. My papa had been engaged ever since he was a little boy to Miss Alice Mills, and they had put off getting married because she was rich, and he hadn't anything, and was looking round to see how he should get a fortune. And the Millses all turned against him, and the Yorkes all turned against him, and he and mamma went off, and wandered about, and came down to Maine; and papa died. Then mamma had to sew again to support herself, and we were awfully poor. I remember that we lived in the same house with you; but it was a better house than this, and was up in the village. Then mamma's heart broke, and she died too. But I don't

mean to break my heart, Mrs. Jane. It's a poor thing to do."

"Yes!" sighed the listener; "it's a poor thing to do."

"Well," resumed the child, "then you kept me. It was four years ago when my mamma died, but I remember it all. She made me promise not to forget who my mother was, and promise, with both my hands held up, that I would be a Catholic, if I had to die for it. So I held up both my hands, and promised, and she looked at me, and then shut her eyes. It that all right?"

"Yes, dear!" Mrs. Rowan had dropped her knitting as the story went on, and was gazing dreamily out the window, recalling to mind her brief acquaintance with the fair young exile.

"Dick and I grew to be great friends," Edith continued rather timidly. "He used to take care of me, and fight for me. Poor Dick! He was mad nearly all the time, because his father drank rum, and because people twitted him, and looked down upon him."

Mrs. Rowan took up her work again, and knit tears in with the yarn.

"And Dick gave his father an awful talking-to, one day," Edith went on, still more timidly. "That was two years ago. He stood up and poured out words. His eyes were so flashing that they dazzled, and his cheeks were red, and he clinched his hands. He looked most splendid. When I go back to Poland, he shall be a general in the army. He will look just as he did then, if the Czar should come near us. Well, after that day he went off to sea, and he has not been back since."

Tears were running down the mother's cheeks as she thought of her son, the only child left her of three.

Edith leaned and clasped both

her hands around Mrs. Rowan's arm, and laid her cheek to them. "But he is coming back rich, he said he would; and what Dick said he'd do he always did. He is going to take us away from here, and get a pretty house, and come and live with us."

A hysterical, half-laughing sob broke through the listener's quiet weeping. "He always did keep his word, Edith!" she cried. "Dick was a gallant lad. And I trust that the Lord will bring him back to me."

"Oh! he'll come back," said Edith confidently, and with a slight air of haughtiness. "He'll come back himself."

All the Christianity the child had seen had been such as to make the name of the Lord excite in her heart a feeling of antagonism. It is hard to believe that God means love when man means hate; and this child and her protectors had seen but little of the sunny side of humanity. Christians held aloof from the drunkard and his family, or approached them only to exhort or denounce. That they had any kinship with that miserable man, that in his circumstances they might have been what he was, never seemed to occur to them as possible. Dick fought with the boys who mocked his father, therefore he was a bad boy. Mrs. Rowan flamed up, and defended her husband, when the Rev. Dr. Martin denounced him, therefore she was almost as bad as he. So shallow are most judgments, arraiging effects without weighing causes.

Nor did Edith fare better at their hands. She was to them a sort of vagabond. Who believed the story of her mother's romantic misfortunes? She was some foreign adventuress, most likely. Mr. Charles Yorke, whom they respected, had married a native of Seaton, and had two or three times honored that town with a short visit. They knew that he had cast



off his own brother for marrying this child's mother. Therefore she had no claim on their respect.

Moreover, some of the ladies for whom young Mrs. Yorke had done sewing had not the pleasantest of recollections connected with her. A poor person has no right to be proud and high-spirited, and the widowed exile was a very fiery woman. She would not sit at table with their servants, she would not be delighted when they patronized her, and she would not be grateful for the scanty wages they gave her. She had even dared to break out upon Mrs. Cleveland when that lady had sweetly requested her to enter her house by the side door, when she came to sew. "In Poland a person like you would scarcely have been allowed to tie my mother's shoes!" she cried. The lady answered suavely, "But we are not in Poland, madam;" but she never forgave the insolence—still less because her husband laughed at it, and rather liked Mrs. Yorke's spirit.

These were the ladies whom Edith had heard talk of religion; so she lifted her head, dropped her eyelids, and said defiantly, "Dick will come home himself!"

"Not unless the Lord lets him come," said the mother. "Oh! no good will come to us except by him. *'Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it: unless the Lord keep the city, he watcheth in vain that keepeth it.'*"

"I don't think you have much to thank him for," remarked the child quietly.

"I will thank him!" the woman cried out in a passion. "I will trust him! He is all the hope I have!"

"Well, well, you may!" Edith said soothingly. "Don't let's talk about it any more. Give me the scissors, and I'll cut the fraggles off the hem

of your gown. Suppose Dick should come home all of a sudden, and find us looking so! I hope he will let us know, don't you? so that we can put our best clothes on."

The best clothes in question were a black bombazine gown and shawl, and an old-fashioned crape bonnet and veil, all sewed up and hidden away under Edith's bed in the little dark attic, lest Mr. Rowan, in one of his drunken frenzies, should destroy them. These articles were the mourning which Mrs. Rowan had worn seven years before, when her last daughter died. With them was another bag, belonging to Edith, equally precious to its owner, but from other reasons. There was a scarlet merino cape, lined with silk of the same color, both a little faded, and a faded crape scarf that had once been gorgeous with red and gold. In the innermost fold of this scarf, wrapped in tissue-paper, and tucked inside an old kid glove of remarkable smallness, were two locks of hair—one a short, thick wave of yellow-brown, the other a long, serpentine tress of ebony blackness.

While they talked, the door of the room opened, and Mr. Rowan looked in. "Aren't we going to have any supper to-night?" he demanded.

Edith fixed a look on him that made him shrink out, and bang the door behind him. His wife started up, glanced at the clock, and went about her work.

"Let me help you, Mrs. Jane," the child said.

"No, dear. There isn't much to do, and I'd rather do it." Mrs. Rowan's voice had a sepulchral sound, her head being deep in the fireplace, where she was putting one hook into another on the crane, to let the tea-kettle down. She emerged with a smooch of soot on her hair and forehead, and began flying round bring-

ing a table into the middle of the floor, putting up the leaves, spreading the cloth, taking down the dishes, all with trembling haste. "If you want to knit a few times across the heel of that stocking, you may. But be careful not to knit too tightly, as you almost always do. You can begin to narrow when it's two of your forefingers long."

Edith took the knitting, and went to her favorite chair in the back window. The room had grown smoky in consequence of Mrs. Rowan's piling soft wood on to the fire, and hurrying about past the fireplace, so she pushed up the window, and fastened it with a wooden button fixed there for the purpose. Then she began to knit and think, and, forgetting Mrs. Rowan's directions, pulled the yarn so tightly over her fingers that she worked a hard, stiff strip across the heel, into which the looser knitting puckered. The child was too much absorbed to be aware of her mistake, and it did not matter; for that stocking was never to be finished.

While she dreamed there, a deeper shadow than that of the clay bank fell over her. She looked up with a start, and saw Mr. Rowan standing outside the window. He had placed himself so as to avoid being seen by any one in the room, and was just turning his eyes away from her when she caught sight of him.

"Lean out here!" he said. "I want to speak to you."

She leaned out and waited.

"What makes you stare at me the way you sometimes do?" he asked angrily, but in a low voice, that his wife might not hear. "Why don't you say right out what you think?"

"I don't know what I do think," replied Edith, dropping her eyes.

"You think that I am a wretch!" he exclaimed. "You think I am a

drunkard! You think I abuse my wife!"

She neither answered nor looked up.

He paused a moment, then went on fiercely. "If there is anything I hate, it is to have people look at me that way, and say nothing. If you scold a man, it looks as if you thought there was something in him that could tell black from white; and if you are impudent, you put yourself a little in the wrong, and that helps him. He isn't so much ashamed of himself. But when you just look, and say nothing, you shut him out. It is as much as to tell him that words would be thrown away on him."

"But," Edith objected, much at a loss, "if I answered you back, or said what I thought, there would be a quarrel right off."

"Did I fight when Dick gave me such a hauling-over before he went away?" the man questioned in a rough tone that did not hide how his voice broke, and his blood-shot eyes filled up with tears. "Didn't I hang my head, and take it like a dog? He said I had acted like a brute, but he didn't say I was one, and he didn't say but I could be a man yet, if I should try. Wasn't I sober for three months after he went away? Yes; and I would have kept sober right on if I had had some one to thorn and threaten me. But she gave up, and did nothing but whimper, and it maddened me. When I ordered her to mix my rum for me, she did it. I should have liked her better if she had thrown it, tumbler and all, into my face."

"You'd better not find fault with her," said Edith. "She's a great deal better than you are."

The child had a gentle, sincere way of saying audacious things sometimes that made one wonder if she knew how audacious they were.

The man stared at her a moment; then, looking away, answered without any appearance of anger, "I suppose she is; but I don't think much of that kind of goodness when there's a hard job to be done. You can't lift rocks with straws. I'm sorry for her; but, for all that, she aggravates me, poor thing!"

He leaned back against the house, with his hands in his pockets, and stared at the clay bank before him. Edith looked at him, but said nothing. Presently he turned so suddenly that she started. "Girl," he said, "never do you ridicule a man who has been drinking, no matter what he does! You may hate him, or be afraid of him, but never laugh at him! You might as well look down into hell and laugh! Do you know what it is to be in the power of rum? It is to have serpents twining round you, and binding you hand and foot. I've gone through the streets up there with devils on my back, pushing me down, wild beasts tearing my vitals, reptiles crawling round me, the earth rising up and quaking under my feet, and a horror in my soul that no words can describe, and the men and women and children have laughed at me. Perhaps they were such shallow fools that they didn't know; but I tell you, and you know now. Don't you ever dare to laugh at a drunkard!"

"I never will!" Edith cried out, in an agony of terror and pity. "O you poor man! I didn't know it was so awful. O you poor man!"

Mr. Rowan had stopped, gasping for breath, and, with his patched sleeve, wiped off the perspiration that was streaming down his face. Edith tore off her little calico apron with such haste as to break the strings. "Here, take this!" she said, reaching it out to him.

He took it with a shaking hand, and wiped his face again; wiped his

eyes again and again, breathing heavily.

"Couldn't you be saved?" she asked, in a whisper. "Isn't there any way for you to get out of it?"

"No!" he said, and gave her back her apron. "No; and I wish that I were dead!"

"Don't say that!" the child entreated. "It is wicked; and perhaps you will die if you say it."

The drunkard raised his trembling hands, and looked upward. "I wish to God that I were dead!" he repeated.

Edith shrank back into the room. She was too much terrified to listen to any more. But after a moment he called her name, and she leaned out again. His face was calmer, and his voice more quiet. "Don't tell her what I have been talking about," he said, nodding toward the room. "I would sooner tear my tongue out by the roots than say anything to her."

"I won't tell," Edith promised.

"Supper's ready," Mrs. Rowan announced, coming towards the window. She had heard her husband's voice in conversation with Edith, and wondered greatly what was going on.

Mr. Rowan turned away, with a look of irritation, at sound of her timid voice, walked round the house, and came sulkily in to his supper.

Their meals had always been comfortable and silent; but now Edith tried to talk, at first with Mrs. Rowan; but when she saw that the woman's tremulous replies, as if she did not dare to speak in her husband's presence, were bringing an uglier frown to this face, and that he was changing from sullen to savage, she addressed her remarks and questions to him. Mr. Rowan was a surveyor, and a good one, when he was sober, and he was a man of some general information and reading.

When he could be got to talk, one was surprised to find in him the ruins of a gentleman. Now his answers were surly enough, but they were intelligent, and the child, no longer looking at him from the outside, questioned him fearlessly, and kept up a sort of conversation till they rose from table.

It was Mr. Rowan's custom to go out immediately after supper, and not come home till late in the evening, when he would stagger in, sometimes stupid, sometimes furious with liquor. But to-night he lingered about when he had left the table, lighted his pipe, kicked the fire, wound up the clock, and cursed it for stopping, and finally, as if ashamed of the proposal even while making it, said to Edith, "Come, get the checker-board, and see if you can beat me."

She was quick-witted enough, or sensitive enough, not to show any surprise, but quietly brought out the board, and arranged the chairs and stand. It was a square of board, rough at the edges, planed on one side, and marked off in checks with red chalk. The men were bits of tanned leather, one side white, the other side black. She placed them, smiled, and said, "Now, I'm ready!"

Mrs. Rowan's cheeks began to redden up with excitement as she went about clearing the table, and washing the dishes, but she said nothing. She had even tact enough to go away into the bedroom, when her work was done, and leave the two to play out their game unwatched. There she sat in the falling dusk, her hands clasped on her knees, listening to every sound, expecting every moment to hear her husband go out. The three curtains in the room were rolled up to the very tops of the windows, and, in their places, three pictures seemed to hang on the smoky walls, and illumine the place. One was a high clay bank,

its raw front ruddy with evening light, its top crowned with a bush burning like that of Horeb. The second was a hill covered with spruce-trees, nothing else, from the little cone, not a foot high, to the towering spire that pierced the sky. Some faint rose-reflections yet warmed their sombre shadows, and each sharp top was silvered with the coming moonlight. The third window showed a deserted ship-yard, with the skeleton of a bark standing on the stocks. The shining river beyond seemed to flow through its ribs, and all about it the ground was covered with bright yellow chips and shavings. Above it, in the tender green of the south-western sky, a cloud-bark freighted with crimson light sailed off southward, losing its treasure as it went. These strong, rich lights, meeting and crossing in the room, showed clearly the woman's nervous face full of suspense, the very attitude, too, showing suspense, as she only half-sat on the side of the bed, ready to start up at a sound. After a while she got up softly, and went to the fireplace to listen. All was still in the other room, but she heard distinctly the crackling of the fire. What had come over him? What did it mean?

Presently there was a slight movement, and Edith's voice spoke out brightly: "Oh! I've got another king. Now I have a chance!"

The listener trembled with doubt and fear. Her husband was actually sitting at home, and playing checkers with Edith, instead of going out to get drunk! He could not mean to go, or he would have gone at once. She longed to go and assure herself, to sit down in the room with him, but could scarcely find courage to do so. She held her breath as she went toward the door, and her hand faltered on the latch. But at last she summoned resolution, and went out.

The lamp was lighted, the checker-board placed on the table beside it, and the two were talking over the slackening game. Edith had a good head for a child of her age, but her opponent was an excellent player, and she could not interest him long. She was trying every lure to keep him, though, and made a new tack as Mrs. Rowan came in, relating an experience of her own, instead of questioning him concerning his. "I want to tell you something I saw last night in my chamber," she said.

Edith's chamber was the little dark attic, which was reached by a steep stairway at one side of the fireplace.

"I was in bed, wide awake, and it was pitch dark. You know you put the cover over the skylight when it rained, the other day, and it has not been taken off. Well, instead of shutting my eyes, I kept them wide open, and looked straight into the dark. I've heard that you can see spirits so, and so I thought I might see my mamma. Pretty soon there was a great hole in the dark, like a whirlpool, and after a minute there was a little light down at the bottom of it. I kept on looking, just as if I were looking down into a deep well, and then there came colors in clouds, sailing about, just like clouds in the sky. Some were red, others pink, others blue, and all colors. Sometimes there would be a pattern of colors, just like figures in a carpet, only they were blocks, not flowers. I didn't dream it. I saw it as plainly as I see the fire this minute. What do you suppose it was, Mr. Rowan?"

He had listened with interest, and did not appear to find anything surprising in the recital.

"I don't know much about optics," he answered; "but I suppose there is a scientific reason for this, whether it is known or not. I've seen those colors—that is, I did when I

was a child; and De Quincey, in his *Opium Confessions*, tells the same story. I don't believe that grown people are likely to see them, for the reason that they shut their eyes, and their minds are more occupied. You have to stare a good while into the dark, and wait what comes, and not think much of anything."

"Yes," said Edith. "But what do you guess it is?"

Mr. Rowan leaned back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, and considered the matter a moment, some finer intelligence than often showed there kindling behind his bloated face.

"I should guess it might be this," he said. "Though the place appears at first to be dark, there are really some particles of light there. And since there are too few of them to keep up a connection in their perfect state, they divide into their colors, and make the clouds you saw. I don't know why particles of light should not separate, when they have a great deal to do, and not much to do it with. Air does."

"But what made them move?" Edith asked. "They were never still."

"Perhaps they were alive."

She stared, with scintillating eyes.

Mr. Rowan gave a short, silent laugh. He knew that the child was only questioning in order to keep him. "No reason why not," he said. "According to Sir Humphry Davy, and some other folks, I believe, heat isn't caloric, but repulsive motion. It isn't matter, but it moves, goes where nothing else can, passes through stone and iron, and can't be stopped, and can't be seen. Now, a something that is not matter, and yet is powerful enough to overcome matter, must be spirit. Heat is the soul of light; and if heat is spirit, light is alive. *Voilà tout!*"



He had forgotten himself a moment in the pleasure of puzzling his questioner; but catching his wife looking at him with an expression of astonishment, he came back to the present. The smile died out of his face, and the frown came back.

"Don't you want to play *solitaire*?" Edith struck in desperately.

He made a slight motion of dissent, but it was not decided; so she brought out the pack of soiled cards, and laid them before him. There was a moment of hesitation, during which the heart of the wife throbbed tumultuously, and the nerves of the child tingled with an excitement that seemed to snap in sparks from her eyes. Then he took the cards, shuffled them, and began to play. Mrs. Rowan opened a book, and, holding it upside down, so as to hide her face, cried quietly behind the page. Her husband saw that she was crying, cast a savage glance at her, and seemed about to fling the cards down; but Edith made some remark on the game, leaned toward him, and laid her head lightly on his arm. It was the first time in all their acquaintance that she had voluntarily touched him. At the same time she reached her foot, and pushed Mrs. Rowan's under the table. Mrs. Rowan dropped her book, turned her face away quickly, and said, with an effort of self-control rare for her: "Why, it's nine o'clock! I'll go to bed, I think; I'm tired."

Nobody answering, or objecting, she went away, and left her husband still over his cards.

"Isn't it about your bedtime?" he said presently to Edith.

She got up slowly, unwilling to go, yet not daring to stay. Oh! if she were but wise enough to know the best thing that could be said—something which would strengthen his resolution, and keep him in. It

was not yet too late for him to go out; for, when every safe and pitiful door is closed, and slumber seals all merciful eyes, the beacon of the grog-shop shines on through the night, and tells that the way to perdition still is open, and the eyes of the rum-seller yet on the watch.

"How glad I shall be when Dick comes home!" she said. "Then I hope we can all go away from here, and wipe out, and begin over."

She could not have said better, but, if she had known, she could have done better. What he needed was not an appeal to his sentiments, but physical help. Words make but little impression on a man while the torments of a burning, infernal thirst are gnawing at his vitals. The drunkard's body, already singed by the near flames of the bottomless pit, needed attending to at once; his soul was crushed and helpless under the ruins of it. If an older, wiser head and hand had been there, started up the failing fire, and made some strong, bitter draught for him to drink, it might have done good. But the child did not know, and the sole help she could give was an appeal to his heart.

It is as true of the finest and loftiest natures, as of the perverted, that they cannot always conquer the evil one by spiritual means alone. Only spirits can do that. And often the tempter must laugh to see the physical needs, which were made to play about our feet like children, unnoticed when the soul speaks, starved till they become demons whose clamorous voices drown the spirit's fainting cries.

But this man's demon was indulgence, and not denial. He was not hovering on the brink of ruin, he was at the bottom, and striving to rise, and he could not endure that any eye should look upon his struggles.

"D— you! will you go to bed?" he cried out fiercely.

Edith started back, and, without another word, climbed the narrow stair to her attic. Before closing the trap-door, she looked down once, and saw Mr. Rowan tearing and twisting the cards he had been playing with.

He stayed there the whole night, fighting desperately with such weapons as he had—a will broken at the hilt, the memory of his son, and the thought of that dear little girl's tender but ineffectual pity. As for God, he no longer named him, save in imprecation. The faith of his orphaned childhood had gone long ago. The glare of the world had scorched it up before it had fairly taken root. That there might be help and comfort in the church of his fathers never enter-

ed his mind. "Drink! drink!" that was his sole thought. "If I only had some opium!" he muttered, "or a cup of strong black coffee! I wonder if I could get either of 'em anywhere?"

The day was faintly dawning when he staggered to the window, tore down the paper curtain, and looked out for some sign of life. At the wharf opposite lay a vessel that had come up the evening before, and he knew by the smoke that the cook was getting breakfast there.

"I'll go over and see if I can get some coffee or opium," he muttered, and pulled his hat on as he went out the door.

"I'll ask for nothing but coffee or opium," he protested to himself, as he shut the door softly after him.

Alas! alas!

## CHAPTER II.

### WIPING OUT, AND BEGINNING ANEW.

THE next morning was a gloomy one for the two who had nursed that trembling hope overnight, but they did not say much about it. Mrs. Rowan's face showed the lassitude of long endurance. Edith's disappointment was poignant. She was no longer a looker-on merely, but an actor. The man had confided in her, had tacitly asked her sympathy, and his failure gave her a pang. She cast about in her thoughts what she should do, having a mind to put her own young shoulder to the wheel. Should she go in search of him, and give him one of those scoldings which he had acknowledged his need of? Should she lead him home, and protect him from abuse?

"Hadn't I better go up to the post-office?" she asked, after breakfast. "I haven't been there this

good while, and there might be a letter from Dick."

Mrs. Rowan hesitated: "Well, yes." She disliked being left alone, and she had no expectation of a letter. But it seemed like slighting her son to make any other reply to such a request. Besides, the village boys might be hooting her husband through the streets, and, if they were, she would like to know it. So Edith prepared herself, and went out.

The ship-yard was full of business at this hour, and two men were at work close to the road, shaving a piece of timber. Edith looked at them, and hesitated. "I've a good mind to," she thought. She had never gone into the ship-yard when the men were there, and had never asked any one a question concerning Mr. Rowan. But now all was

changed, and she felt responsible. "Have you seen Mr. Rowan anywhere, this morning?" she asked, going up to the man nearest her.

He drew the shave slowly to him, slipped off a long curl of amber-colored wood from the blade, then looked up to see who spoke. "Mr. Rowan!" he repeated, as if he had never heard the name before. "Oh! Dick, you mean. No, I haven't seen him, this morning. He may be lying round behind the timbers somewhere."

The child's eyes sparkled. Child though she was, she knew that the drunkard was more worthy of the title of gentleman than this man was, for he was rude and harsh only when he suffered.

"Little girl," the other called out as she turned away, "your father is over there on board of the *Annie Laurie*. I saw him lying there half an hour ago, and I guess he hasn't stirred since."

"He isn't my father!" she flashed out.

The two burst into a rude laugh, which effectually checked the thanks she would have given for their information. She turned hastily away, and went up the road to the village.

Mrs. Rowan finished her work, and sat down in the west window to watch. She was too anxious and discouraged to knit, even, and so did not discover the tight little strip of work around the stocking-heel. It was employment enough to look out for Edith; not that she expected a letter, but because she wanted company. She was conscious of some strength in the child, on which she leaned at times. As for Dick, she had little hope of good news from him, if any. She had no part in Edith's rose-colored expectations. Dick in peril from storm, foe, or sin; Dick dying untended in foreign lands;

Dick sinking down in cold, salt seas—these were the mother's fancies.

After half an hour, a small figure appeared over the hills between the house and the village. Mrs. Rowan watched it absently, and with a slight sense of relief. But soon she noticed that the child was running. It was not like Edith to run. She was noticeably quiet, and even dignified in her manners. Could she have seen or heard anything of Mr. Rowan at the village? The heart of the wife began to flutter feebly. Was he lying in the street? or engaged in a drunken quarrel? She leaned back in her chair, feeling sick, and tried to gather strength for whatever might come to her.

Edith was near the house, now running a few steps, then walking, to gather breath, and she held her arm above her head, and swung it, and in her hand was a letter!

Away went all thought of her husband. In two minutes Mrs. Rowan had the letter in her hand, had torn it open, and she and Edith were both bending over it, and reading it together. It had been lying in the post-office a week. It came from New York, and in a week from the date of it Dick would be at home! He was on board the ship *Halcyon*, Captain Cary, and they were to come down to Seaton, and load with lumber as soon as their East Indian freight should be disposed of. He had met Captain Cary in Calcutta, Dick wrote, and, having done him a service there, had been taken on board his ship, and now was second mate. Next voyage he would sail as first mate. The captain was his friend, would do anything for him, and owned half the ship, Major Cleaveland owning the other half; so Dick's fortune was made. But, he added, they must get out of that town. He had a month to spare, and should

take them all away. Let them be ready to start on short notice.

Having read this joyful letter through once, they began at the first word and read it all through again, dwelling here and there with exclamations of delight, stopped every minute by a large tear that splashed down from Mrs. Rowan's eyes, or a yellow avalanche of Edith's troublesome hair tumbling down as she bent eagerly over the letter. How many times they read that letter would be hard to say; still harder to say how many times they might have read it, had there been no interruption.

A crowd of men were approaching their door—close upon them, and darkening the light before they looked up. "Had Dick come, and were the neighbors welcoming him?" was the first thought.

In her haste, Edith had left the outer door ajar, and now heavy feet came tramping in without any leave being asked; the inner door was pushed open, and—not Dick, but Dick's father was brought in and laid on the floor. This was not the first time he had been brought home, but never before had he come with such a retinue and in such silence, and never before had these men taken off their hats to Mrs. Rowan.

"We've sent for the doctor, ma'am," one of them said; "but I guess it's no use."

"I wouldn't have ordered him off, if I hadn't thought he was steady enough to go," said another, who looked very pale. "The captain was expected on board every minute, and it would be as much as my life is worth if he found a man drunk there."

"He slipped on a plank, and fell," some one explained.

Their talk was, to the bewildered woman, like sounds heard in a dream. So were Edith's passionate words as

she ordered the men away. The one who had refused the dead man any better title than "Dick" was just coming in at the door, staring right and left, not too pitiful even then to be curious regarding the place he was in. "Go out!" she said, pushing the door in his face.

Some way, still in a dream, they were got rid of, all but two. Then the doctor came, and looked, and nodded his decision—"All over!"

A dream! a dream!

The bedroom was set in order, the silent sleeper laid out there, every stranger sent out of the house and locked out, and then Mrs. Rowan woke up. It was a terrible awakening.

Madame Swetchine comments upon the fact that the thought of death is more terrible in an arid existence than in the extremes of joy and sorrow. It is true not only of those who die, but of the survivors. We go out more willingly on a difficult journey when we have been warmed and fed; we send our loved ones out with less pain when they have been thus fortified. It is the same, in a greater degree, when the journey is that one from which the traveller never returns. It adds a terrible pang to bereavement when we think that our lost one has never been happy; how much more terrible if he has never been honored!

Of her husband's future Mrs. Rowan refused to think or to hear, though she must have trembled in the shadow of it. It might be that which made her so wild. She would allow no one to come near or speak to her save Edith. Those who came with offers of help and sympathy she ordered away. "Go!" she cried. "I want nothing of you! I and mine have been a byword to you for years. Your help comes too late!"

She locked them out and pulled

the curtains close, and, though people continued to come to the door through the whole day, no one gained admittance or saw a sign of life about the house. Inside sat the widow and the child, scarcely aware of the passage of time. They only knew that it was still day by the rays of sunlight that came in through holes in the paper curtains, and pointed across the rooms like long fingers. When there was a knock at the door, they started, lifted their faces, and listened nervously till the knocking ceased, as if afraid that some one might force an entrance. One would have fancied, from their expression, that savages or wild beasts were seeking to enter. They never once looked out, nor knew who came.

Still less were they aware of Major Cleaveland standing in his cupola, spy-glass in hand, looking down the bay to see if that cloud of canvas coming up over the horizon was the good ship *Halcyon* coming home after her first voyage. Down-stairs he came again, three stairs at a jump, as joyful as a boy, in spite of his forty years, gave directions for the best dinner that the town would afford, ordered his carriage, and drove off down the river-road.

The *Halcyon* was the largest vessel that had ever been built at Seaton, and as its launching had been an event in the town, so its first arrival was an incident to take note of. When Major Cleaveland drove down to the wharf where Mr. Rowan had that morning lost his life, more than a hundred persons were assembled there waiting for the ship, and others were coming. He stepped over to the Rowans' door, and knocked twice, once with his knuckles, and again with his whip-handle, but received no answer. "I would force the door, but that Dick is coming," he said. "It is a shame to let the poor soul shut herself up alone."

Soon, while the crowd watched, around the near curve of the river, where a wooded point pushed out, appeared the tip, then the whole of a bowsprit garlanded with green wreaths, then the leaning lady in her gilded robes, with a bird just escaping from her hand, then the ship rode gracefully into sight on the incoming tide.

A ringing shout welcomed her, and a shout from all hands on board answered back.

Foremost of the little group on the deck stood a man of gigantic stature. His hair was coarse and black, he wore an enormous black beard, and his face, though scarcely middle-aged, was rough and scarred by the weather. Everybody knew Captain Cary, a sailor worthy of the old days of the Vikings, broad-shouldered, as strong as a lion, with a laugh that made the glasses ring when he sat at table. He was a plain, simple man, but grand in his simplicity. By his side stood a youth of twenty, who looked slight in comparison, though he was really manly and well grown. He had sea-blue eyes, quick, long-lashed, and as bright as diamonds; his face was finely moulded, ruddy, and spirited; his hair, that glistened in the sunlight, was chestnut-brown. A gallant lad he was, the very ideal sailor-boy. But his expression was defiant, rather than pleased, and he did not join in the hurrahs. The welcoming applause was not for him, he well knew. They were no friends of his who crowded the wharf. He had some bitter recollections of slight or injury connected with nearly every one of them. But he was no longer in their power, and that gave him freedom and ease in meeting them. The time had gone by when he could look upon these country folks as final judges in any matter whatever, or as of any great consequence to him.

He had seen the world, had won friends, had proved that he could do something, that he was somebody. He was not ashamed of himself by any means, was young Dick Rowan. Still, it was no pleasure to him to see them, for it brought back the memory of sufferings which had not yet lost their sting.

All this shouting and rejoicing was as the idle wind to the mourners across the way. Their fears of intrusion set at rest, since no one had attempted to force an entrance to the house, they no longer took notice even of the knocking at the door. Both had fallen into a sort of stupor, induced by the exhaustion of long weeping, the silence and semi-darkness of their rooms, and the removal of what had been the daily tormenting fear of their lives. There was no longer any need to tremble when a step approached, lest some one should come in frenzied with drink, and terrify them with his ravings and violence. Mrs. Rowan sat by her husband's side, leaning back in her chair, with closed eyes and clasped hands, only half-alive. Edith lay on the kitchen-floor, where she had thrown herself in a passion of weeping, her arms above her head, her face hidden, and her long hair veiling her. The weeping was over, and she lay silent and motionless. Neither that shouting over on the wharf, nor Major Cleaveland's loud knocking with his whip-handle, had made the slightest impression on her.

But at sunset came one who would not be denied. He tried the lock, and, finding it fastened, knocked gently. There was no answer. He knocked loudly, and still there was no reply. Then he set his knee against the rickety panel, took the knob in a strong grasp, and wrenched the door open. Stepping quickly into the little entry, he looked to right

and left, saw the girl lying, face down, on the floor, and the woman sitting beside her dead, both as still as the dead.

Something like a dream came into the half-swoon, half-sleep in which Edith Yorke lay. She heard a slight cry, then a stifled sob, and words hurriedly spoken in a low voice. Then there was a step that paused near her. She put her hair back with one hand, and turned her face listlessly. The curtain had been raised to let in the light, and there stood a young man looking down at her. His face was pale with the sudden shock of grief and distress, but a faint indication of a smile shone through as she looked up at him.

Her first glance was a blank one, her second flashed with delight. She sprang up as if electrified. "O Dick! O Dick! How glad I am!"

The world moved rightly at last! Order was coming out of chaos; for Dick had come home!

He shook hands with her rather awkwardly, somewhat embarrassed by the warmth of her welcome. "We're to go right off," he said. "Captain Cary will help us."

"Yes, Dick!" she replied, and asked no questions. He knew what was right. With him had come all help, and strength, and hope.

The next morning, long before dawn, they started. A boat was ready at the wharf, and Captain Cary and Dick carried out the dead in a rude coffin that had been privately made on board the *Halcyon*. "They shall not stare at our poor funeral, captain," Dick had said; "and I will not ask them for a coffin or a grave."

"All right!" his friend had answered heartily. "I'm your man. Whatever you want to do, I'll help you about."

So the watch on the *Halcyon* was conveniently deaf and blind, the boat



was ready in the dark of morning, the coffin carried out to it, and Mrs. Rowan and Edith helped in after. When they were in their places, and the captain seated, oars in hand, Dick went back to the house, and stayed there a little while. No questions were asked of him when he came away, bringing nothing with him, and he offered no explanation, only took the oars, and silently guided their boat out into the channel. The banks on either side were a solid blackness, and the sky was opaque and low, so that their forms were scarcely visible to each other as they sat there, Mrs. Rowan in the bows near her son, Edith beside Captain Cary, who loomed above her like a mountain of help.

Presently, as they floated around the point that stood between the village and the bay, a faint blush of light warmed the darkness through, and grew till the low-hung clouds sucked it up like a sponge and showed a crimson drapery over their heads. It was too early for morning light, too fierce, and, moreover, it came from the wrong direction. The east was before them; this sanguinary aurora followed in their wake. It shone angrily through the strip of woods, and sent a long, swift beam quivering over the water. This fiery messenger shot like an arrow into the boat, and reddened Mrs. Rowan's hands, clasped on the edge of the coffin. By the light of it, Dick saw all their faces turned toward him.

"The house was mine!" he said defiantly.

The captain nodded approval, and Edith leaned forward to whisper, "Yes, Dick!" But Mrs. Rowan said not a word, only sat looking steadily backward, the light in her face.

"I'm glad of it!" sighed Edith to

herself. She had been thinking since they left the house how people would come and wander through it, and peer at everything, and know just how wretchedly they had lived. Now they could not, for it would all be burnt up. She sat and fancied the fire catching here and there in their poor little rooms, how the clock would tick till the last minute, even when its face was scorched and its glass shattered, and then fall with a sudden crash; how the flames would catch at the bed on which the dead man had lain, the mean paper curtains, the chair she had sat in, Mrs. Rowan's little rocking-chair, at the table where they had sat through so many dreary meals. The checker-board would go, and the cards with which Mr. Rowan had played the night before, and the knitting-work with the puckered heel, and her apron that the drunkard had wiped his ghastly face with. The shelves in the little closet would heat, and blacken, and redden, and flame, and down would come their miserable store of dishes, rattling into the yawning cellar. Fire would gnaw at the ceiling, bite its way into the attic, burn up her books, creep to the bed where she had lain and seen rainbow colors in the dark, spread a sheet of flame over the whole, rise, and burst through the roof. She saw it all. She even fancied that each long-used article of their scanty plenishing, worn away by human touch, constantly in the sight of human eyes, would perish with some human feeling, and send out a sharp cry after them. The crackling of flames was to her the cries of burning wood. But she was glad of it, for they were going to wipe out and begin anew. There seemed to her something very grand and exceedingly proper in it all.

When their boat glided from the river into the bay, others besides them-

selves became aware of the conflagration, and the village bells rang out a tardy alarm. Dick laughed bitterly at the sound, but said nothing.

"They were sorry for you, Dick," the captain said. "I heard a good many speak of it. They would have been glad to do your family any kindness. I don't blame you for coming off; but you mustn't think there was no kind feeling for you among the folks there."

"Kindness may come too late, captain," the young man answered. "I would have thanked them for it years ago, when I had nowhere to turn to, and hadn't a friend in the world; now I don't thank them, and I don't want their kindness. Even if I would take it at last, neither they nor you have any right to expect that I will run to take the hand that has struck me so many blows the first time it is held out. I don't trust 'em. I want proofs of good-will when I've had proofs of ill-will."

"Dick is right, captain," his mother interposed in a weary tone. "You can't judge of such things if you haven't felt them. It's easier to hurt a sore heart than a sound one."

Within an hour they reached one of those desolate little sandy islands with which the bay was studded; and now the faint spring dawn was breaking, and the heavy masses of cloud lifting and contracting, pale reaches of sky visible between. By the cold glimmer they scooped out a grave, and placed the coffin in it. The water washed the shore, and a chilly, sighing wind came up from the east.

As the first shovelful of earth fell on the coffin, Mrs. Rowan caught back the captain's arm. "Don't cover him out of sight without some word spoken over him!" she implored. "He was once young, and ambitious, and kind, like you. He would

have been a man if he hadn't had bad luck, and then got into bad company. He was more wretched than we were. O sir! don't cover him out of sight as if he were a dog."

The sailor looked both pained and embarrassed. "I'm not much used to praying, ma'am," he said. "I'm a Methodist, but I'm not a church-member. If there was a Bible here, I would read a chapter; but—there isn't."

Dick walked off a little way, turned his back, and stood looking at the water. Mrs. Rowan, kneeling on the sand-heap beside the grave, wept loudly. "His father was a Catholic," she cried. "I don't think much of Catholics; but, if poor Dick had stood by his religion, he could have had a priest to say some word over him. I wouldn't have minded having a priest here. He'd be better than nobody."

Captain Cary was a strict Methodist, and he felt that it would never answer to have the absence of a Catholic priest regretted. Something must be done. "I could sing a hymn, ma'am," he said hesitatingly; and, as no one objected, he straightened himself, dropped his spade, and sang, to the tune of the "Dead March in Saul,"

"Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,  
Take this new treasure to thy trust,  
And give these sacred relics room  
To slumber in the silent dust,"

singing the hymn through.

In a confined place the sailor's voice would have been too powerful, and, perhaps, would have sounded rough; but in open air, with no wall nearer than the distant hills, no ceiling but the sky, and with the complex low harmony of the ocean bearing it up and running through all its pauses, it was magnificent. He sang slowly and solemnly, his arms folded,

his face devoutly raised, and the clouds seemed to part before his voice.

When the hymn was ended, he remained a moment without motion or change of face, then stooped for his shovel, and began to fill in the grave.

While listening to him, Edith Yorke had stood in a solemn trance, looking far off seaward; but at sound of the dropping gravel, her quiet broke up, like ice in spring. She threw her arm, and her loose hair with it, up over her head, and sobbed behind

that veil. But her tears were not for Mr. Rowan. Her soul had taken a wider range, and, without herself being aware of it, she was mourning for all the dead that ever had died or ever should die.

The first sunbeam that glanced across the water showed a feather of smoke from a steamer that came up through the Narrows into the bay, and the row-boat, a lessening speck, making for the wharf. Twice a week, passengers and freight were taken and left at this wharf, three miles below the town.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## SAUNTERING.

Saunterer (from *Sainte Terre*), a pilgrim to holy lands or places."—THOREAU.

"THEY who never go to the Holy Land in their walks are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean," says Thoreau. I found the Holy Land in Paris, the city of fashion and gaiety, and where *le suprême bonheur* is said to be amusement. Every church is a station of the divine Passion, and to every votary therein could I say:

"I behold in thee  
An image of him who died on the tree.  
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns."

Before these churches, consecrated to some sweet mystery of the Gospel or bearing the hallowed names of those who had put on the sacred stole of Christ's sufferings, I always stopped. I was like Duke Richard, in the *Roman du Rau*:

"Whene'er an open church he found,  
He entered in with fervent means  
To offer up his orisons;  
And if the doors were closed each one,  
He knelt upon the threshold stone."

And one might well kneel upon the threshold stone of these ancient churches, feeding mind and soul with sacred legends of the past embodying holy truths which are depicted on the outer walls, as at the north door of Notre Dame de Paris, the arch of which contains in many compartments representations of a diabolic pact and of a deliverance effected by our potent Lady, which is related in a metrical romance composed by Ruteboef, in the time of St. Louis. Saladin, a magician, wears a cap of pyramidal form. And what a mine of legendary and biblical lore all over these venerable walls! Sermons in stones come down to us from the stonen saints in their riches and the bas-reliefs which speak louder than human tongues. The first stone of this edifice was laid by Charlemagne, and the last by Philip Augustus. How much this fact alone tells! And there is the Porte Rouge, an

exquisite specimen of the Gothic style of the fifteenth century, the expiatory monument of Jean-sans-Peur after the assassination of the Duke of Orleans. In the arch are the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy, in the attitude of supplication, one on each side of our Saviour and the Blessed Virgin. It is an eternal *Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus.*

And then the Portail du Milieu, with the last judgment in the ogive, the angels sounding the last trump, the dead issuing forth from their graves, the separation of the righteous from the wicked, the great Judge with the emblems of the crucifixion, the Virgin and the loved apostle John, and, finally, a glimpse of the joys of heaven and the horrors of hell. Yes, one could linger here for days before this *Biblia pauperum*, were there no more powerful attractions within. And this is not the only church the very exterior of which is full of instruction.

In the porch of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois is the statue of a maiden holding in one hand a breviary and in the other a lighted taper. By her is a demon with a pair of bellows, vainly trying to blow out the light—symbol of faith and prayer. This is the statue of one who deserves to be ranked in history with Joan of Arc on account of her heroism, for twice she saved Paris by her courage and her prayers. Would that she might once more have intervened to save the capital of fair France from the invader! St. Genevieve is placed thus at the entrance of the church of St. Germain to remind us of his connection with her history.

When St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, and St. Lupus, the learned Bishop of Troyes and the intimate friend of Sidonius Apollinaris, were on their way to Britain to combat the heresy of Pelagianism, they passed

through the village now called Nanterre, about two leagues from Paris. All the inhabitants of the place poured forth to meet them and obtain their benediction. St. Germain noticed in the crowd a little girl with a face as radiant as an angel's. His prophetic instinct told him she was destined to be a chosen vessel of God's grace, and, when she expressed a wish to be the spouse of Christ, he led her with him to the church, holding his apostolic hands upon her head during the chanting of the vesper service. He afterward suspended a bronze medal, on which was a cross, from her neck, in remembrance of her consecration to God, bidding her henceforth give up all ornaments of silver and gold. "Let them who live for this world have these," said he. "Do thou, who art become the spouse of Christ, desire only spiritual adorning." Dr. Newman says it was a custom, even among the early Christians, to wear on the neck some token of the mysteries of their religion. Long after, in memory of this event, the Canons of St. Genevieve, at Paris, distributed upon her festival a *pain bénit* on which was an impression of this coin.

Eighteen years after, St. Germain again passed through Nanterre, once more on his way to Britain. He had not forgotten Genevieve. At the age of fifteen, she had received the virgin's veil from the hands of the Bishop of Paris. Her parents dying, she went to Paris to reside with her godmother. Here she suffered that persecution so often the lot of those who live godly lives. Those who outstrip their fellows even on the path of piety are objects of envy, and they who leave the beaten track of everyday religion are derided. St. Genevieve was visited at Paris by the holy Bishop of Auxerre, who saluted her with respect as a

temple in which the divine Presence was manifest. Her life was one of prayer and penance. She used to water her couch with her tears, and when the adversary of our souls extinguished the taper that lighted her vigils she rekindled it with her prayers. When Attila, king of the Huns, threatened Paris, she besought the inhabitants not to leave their homes, declaring that Heaven would intervene to save them. The barbarians, in effect, were dispersed by a storm, and betook themselves toward Orleans. In the church of St. Germain there is a chapel dedicated to St. Genevieve, with a painting representing her haranguing the inhabitants of Paris.

When Childeric besieged Paris, and sickness and famine were carrying off the inhabitants, St. Genevieve laid aside her religious dress, took command of the boats that went up the Seine for succor, and brought back a supply of provisions. And when the city had to surrender, the conquerer treated her with marked respect, and Clovis loved to grant her petitions. The remains of paganism were rooted out of Paris through her influence over him and Clotilda, and the first church built on the spot that now bears her name, but then dedicated under the invocation of Sts. Peter and Paul. In that church was the shepherdess of Nanterre buried beside Clovis and Clotilda. St. Eloi wrought a magnificent shrine for her remains, but it was destroyed at the Revolution, and the contents publicly burned. A portion of her relics is now enshrined at the Pantheon. I found lights burning there, and flowers and wreaths, and votive offerings, and the sweet-smelling incense of prayer rising from a group of people praying around. But the magnificence of the Pantheon is miserably depressing, as Faber says. How

much more I delighted in the interesting church of St. Etienne du Mont, where is the curious old tomb of St. Genevieve! There too were lights and ex-votos, and an old woman sat near the tomb to dispense tapers to those who wished to leave a little gleam of love and prayer behind them. Once what lights and jewels blazed around such shrines, and what crowds of devout pilgrims! Now, a few dim tapers, a few prayerful hearts, light up the place.

"Now it is much if here and there  
One dreamer, by thy genial glare,  
'Trace the dim Past, and slowly climb  
The steep of Faith's triumphant prime."

Now the world seems to begrudge the temple of the Most High the silver and the gold that belong to him. And jewels are not to be thought of. Such wealth must be kept in circulation, that is, on Prince Esterhazy's coat, I suppose, and by ladies of fashion. The world nowadays is like Julian the Apostate, who was displeased at the magnificence of the chalices used in the Christian churches. For me, I love these offerings from time to eternity, as Madame de Staël says. Let all that is most precious be poured out at the feet of the Saviour, and let no one murmur if such offerings are crystallized. I took pleasure in looking at some splendid vessels of the sanctuary at Notre Dame, and thought:

"Never was gold or silver graced thus  
Before.  
To bring this body and this blood to us  
Is more  
Than to crown kings,  
Or be made rings  
For star-like diamonds to glitter in.

When the great King offers to come to me  
As food,  
Shall I suppose his carriages can be  
Too good?  
No! stars to gold  
Turned never could  
Be rich enough to be employed so.

If I might wish, then, I would have this bread,  
     This wine,  
 Vesselled in what the sun might blush to shed  
     His shine  
 When he should see—  
 But till that be,  
 I'll rest contented with it as it is."

In my saunterings I frequently lingered before the tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, the highest in Paris, and the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture. The remainder of the church was demolished at the Revolution. The tower was saved by the artifice of an architect, who besought the crowd to imitate the enlightened English revolutionists, who destroyed their churches, but preserved the towers to be converted into shot-houses! In this church crowds used to assemble to hear Bourdaloue thunder, as Madame de Sévigné expresses it. I fancy I can hear that uncompromising preacher ringing out like a trump in the presence of the Great Monarch, "Thou art the man!" This exclamation should have appealed to the heart of the people, and saved the church he loved from profanation.

This church was built by the alms of pious people. Nicholas Flamel built the portal in 1388, which he covered with devout images and devices, which were regarded, even by the antiquaries of the last century, as symbols of alchemy. This Flamel was a benefactor to many churches and hospitals of Paris, which he took pleasure in adorning with carvings in which he made all things tributary, as it were, to the worship of God. At first a simple scrivener, he became painter, architect, chemist, philosopher, and poet. He certainly had the fancy of a poet, and wrote in durable materials. He left by his will nineteen chalices of silver gilt to as many churches.

These churches and religious houses are all connected with the history

of the city. Paris owed its extension on the north side of the Seine to the school in the Abbey of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, which was famous at an early age. There were four great abbeys around Paris in the time of the third dynasty—St. Lawrence, St. Genevieve, St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, and St. Germain des Près. These were surrounded by their dependencies, forming villages which gradually extended till they united to enclose the city, then chiefly confined to the island. The poor loved to live near these abbeys. St. Germain des Près, besides providing for the poor in general, used privately to support several destitute families who were ashamed of their poverty. The old abbots of this monastery were both lords spiritual and temporal in the suburbs on that side of the city. This abbey was a monument of repentance. Digby says when it was rebuilt in the year 1000 the great tower and the portals were left as before. The statues of eight kings stood at the entrance, four on the right hand and four on the left. One of them held a scroll on which was written the tragical name of Clodomir. And another, with no beatific circle around his head, held an open tablet on which were the first and last letters of the name Clotaire. These were the statues of the murderer and his victim.

The square tower of the monastery, built in the time of Charlemagne, contributed greatly to the defence of the house against the Normans. A stout old monk, Abbon, conducted the defence, and proved himself on this occasion a valiant defender of the walls of Zion. Perhaps it was his skilful hand that wrote an Homeric poem on the siege of Paris by the Normans in the year 885. If not by him, it was by a monk of a similar name.

The Pré aux Clercs, now the Faubourg St. Germain, took its name from being a place of recreation for the students of this abbey. One of the scholars, Sylvester de Sacy, so learned in the Semitic languages, ascribed the bent of his mind to the aid and encouragement given him by one of the monks who took his constitutional in the abbey gardens at the same time as the boy, then only twelve years old.

The library belonging to this abbey was celebrated in the middle ages, and there were monks of literary eminence in the house. Dacherius was the librarian when he composed his *Spicilegium*. Usuard compiled a martyrology. They had a printing press set up immediately after the invention of printing, which gives one a favorable idea of their mental activity. Most of these old monastic libraries were accessible to all; that of the Abbey of St. Victor was open to the public three days in the week; and there were public libraries attached to some of the parish churches. In the time of Charles V., rightly named the Wise, he ordered the Royal Library of Paris to be illuminated with thirty portable lamps, and that a silver one should be suspended in the centre for the benefit of those students who prolonged their researches into the night. The numerous collections of books in Paris made that city very attractive to certain minds even in the middle ages. Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, in England, who established the first public library in that country, used to resort to Paris for fresh supplies. "O blessed God of gods in Sion!" he exclaims, "what a flood of pleasure rejoices our heart whenever we are at liberty to visit Paris, that paradise of the world, where the days always seem too short and too few through the im-

mensity of our love! There are libraries more redolent of delight than all the shops of aromatics; there are the flowering meadows of all volumes that can be found anywhere. There, indeed, untying our purse-strings, and opening our treasures, we disperse money with a joyful heart (evidently the truth, for he paid the Abbot of St. Albans fifty pounds weight of silver for thirty or forty volumes), and ransom with dirt books that are beyond all price. But lo! how good and pleasant a thing it is to gather together in one place the arms of clerical warfare, that there may be a supply of them for us to use in the wars against heretics, should they ever rise up against us!"

What would this book-loving prelate have done had he foreseen that the church would one day be accused of being a foe to progress and to the diffusion of knowledge! This bishop, who lived in the thirteenth century, was the Chancellor and High Treasurer of England, and celebrated for his love and encouragement of literature. He had libraries in all his palaces, and the apartment he commonly occupied was so crammed with books that he was almost inaccessible. He was said to breathe books, so fond was he of being among them. None but a genuine lover of books would give such amusing directions for their preservation. "Not only do we serve God," says he, "by preparing new books, but also by preserving and treating with great care those we have already. Truly, after the vestments and vessels dedicated to our Lord's body, sacred books deserve to be treated with most reverence by clerks. In opening and shutting books, they should avoid all abruptness, not too hastily loosing the clasps, nor failing to shut them when they have finished reading, for it is far more important to preserve a book



than a shoe." He then goes on to speak of soiling books; of marking passages with the finger-nails, "like those of 'a giant,'" of swelling the junctures of the binding with straws or flowers; and of eating over them, leaving the fragments in the book, as if the reader had no bag for alms. Waxing warm over the idea, he wishes such persons might have to sit over leather with a shoemaker! And then there are impudent youths, who presume to fill up the broad margins with their unchastened pens, noting down whatever frivolous thing occurs to their imagination! And "there are some thieves, too, who cut out leaves or letters, which kind of sacrilege ought to be prohibited under the penalty of anathema." The bishop had evidently had some sad experience with his cherished tomes. His testimony respecting the appreciation of books by the monks of his time is valuable. Remember the age, reader—that period of deepest darkness just before the dawn! "The monks who are so venerable," says he in his *Philobiblion*, "are accustomed to be solicitous in regard to books, and to be delighted in their company, as with all riches, and thence it is that we find in most monasteries such splendid treasures of erudition, giving a delectable light to the path of laics. Oh! that devout labor of their hands in writing books; how preferable to all georgic care! All things else fail with time. Saturn ceases not to devour his offspring, for oblivion covereth the glory of the world. But God hath provided a remedy for us in books, without which all that was ever great would have been without memory. Without shame we may lay bare to books the poverty of human ignorance. They are the masters who instruct us without rods, without anger, and without *noney*. (The bishop had evidently

forgotten those fifty pounds of silver, and many more besides!) O books! alone liberal and making liberal, who give to all, and seek to emancipate all who serve you. You are the tree of life and the river of Paradise, with which the human intelligence is irrigated and made fruitful."

But I did not always linger at the doors of churches, studying the walls and pondering on their history. The true Catholic knows that these magnificent churches are only vast shrines enclosing the great Object of his adoration and love. M. Olier, when travelling, never saw the spire of a church in the distance without calling upon all with him to repeat the *Tantum Ergo*. He used to say: "When I see a place where my Master reposes, I have a feeling of unutterable joy." This feeling comes over every one at the first glimpse of that undying lamp before the tabernacle, "that small flame which rises and falls like a dying pulse, flickering up and down, emblematic of our lives, which even now thus wastes and wanes."

The very first act on stepping into a church completely changes the current of one's thoughts. The holy water, the sign of the cross, dispel the remembrance of material things and recall devout thoughts of the Passion.

"Whene'er across this sinful flesh of mine  
I draw the holy sign,  
All good thoughts stir within me, and collect  
Their slumbering strength divine."

The *bénitiers* at St. Sulpice are two immense shells, given to Francis the First by the Republic of Venice; but for all that, the *eau bénite* seemed just as holy, and I made the sign of the cross just as devoutly.

For devotion, I prefer the largest churches, because the seclusion is more perfect, as at Notre Dame. Behind some pillar or in the depths

of some dim chapel, one can find perfect solitude where he can be alone with God. Alone with God! that in itself is prayer. The world-weary soul finds it good simply to sit or kneel with clasped hands in the divine Presence.

"My spirit I love to compose,  
In humble trust my eyelids close  
With reverential resignation,  
No wish conceived, no thought expressed,  
Only a sense of supplication."

Joubert says the best prayers are those that have nothing distinct, and which thus partake of simple adoration; and Hawthorne asks: "Could I bring my heart in unison with those praying in yonder church with a fervor of supplication but no distinct request, would not that be the safest kind of prayer?" Surely every devout soul feels that "prayer is not necessarily petition," and what is technically known as the prayer of contemplation is the very inspiration of such churches. In this temple of silence, man seems to be brought back to his primeval relations with his Creator.

What mute eloquence in these walls! What an appeal to the imagination in the calmness! Earthly voices die away on the threshold, and peace, dovelike, broods over the very entrance. A daily visit to such a temple gives life a certain elevation. The very poor who come here to pray must acquire a certain dignity of character. How many generations have worshipped beneath these arches! The saints have passed over the very pavement I tread. I recall St. Louis, who, out of respect to our Lord, had laid off his shoes and divested himself of his royal robes, bearing solemnly into this church the holy Crown of Thorns. And great sinners, too, are in this long procession of the past. There is Count Raymond of Toulouse, barefoot, and

clad only in the white tunic of a penitent, coming to receive absolution from the papal legate before the grand altar.

When one recalls the popes, cardinals, and other dignitaries of the church, the kings and queens and knights of the olden time who have been here, one almost shrinks from entering such a throng of the mighty ones of the earth. It seems as if he were elbowing the Great Monarch or the gallant Henry of Navarre.

On the galleries around the nave were formerly suspended the flags and standards taken in war, and it was in allusion to this custom that the Prince of Conti, after the victories of Fleurus, Steinkerque, and La Marsaille, made an opening in the crowd around the door of the church for the Marechal de Luxembourg, whom he held by the hand, by crying: "Place, place, messieurs, au tapissier de Notre Dame!"—"Room, room, gentlemen, for the upholsterer of Notre Dame!"

It is charming to see the birds flying about in the arches of this church, as if nature had taken its venerable walls to her bosom. It made me think of the old hermits of the middle ages, living with the sea-birds in their ocean caves. Like St. Francis, the canons of Notre Dame say the divine office with their "little sisters, the birds;" and the bird is the symbol of the soul rising heavenward on the wings of prayer. We, like the birds, build our nests here for a few days. Blessed are we if they are built within the influences of the sanctuary which temper the storms and severities of life. It is only in the clefts of the rocks that wall in the mystic garden of the church that there is safety for the dovelike soul.

In the transept is the altar of Our Lady, starry with lamps. Above her statue is one of her titles, appealing to every heart—*Consolatrix afflicto-*

rum! To this church M. Olier came, in all his troubles, to the altar of Mary. There is also a fine statue of her over the grand altar, formerly at the Carmes. No church is complete without an altar of the Blessed Virgin. Wherever there is a cross, Mary must be at its foot, as at Calvary, directing our eyes, our thoughts, our hearts, to him who hangs thereon.

"O that silent, ceaseless mourning!  
O those dim eyes! never turning  
From that wondrous, suffering Son!

"Virgin holiest, virgin purest,  
Of that anguish thou endurest  
Make me bear with thee my part."

In traversing Paris, one passes many private residences of interest which have a certain consecration—the consecration of wit and genius. I cannot say I ever went so far as Horace Walpole, who never passed the Hôtel de Carnavalet, the residence of Madame de Sévigné, without saying his Ave before it, much as I admire her *esprit*, and though she was the granddaughter of St. Jane de Chantal, the foundress of the Nuns of the Visitation. Walpole thought the house had a foreign-looking air, and said it looked like an ex-voto raised in her honor by some of her foreign votaries. It was once an elegant residence, with its sculptured gateway and Ionic pilasters, and its court adorned with statues. In the day of the *spirituelle* letter-writer, it was the resort of the learned and the refined; now, O tempora! it is a boarding-school, and the *salon* of Madame de Sévigné (the temple of "Notre Dame de Livry," to quote Walpole again, if it be not profanity) is converted into a dormitory. Truly, as Bishop de Bury says, "all things pass away with time," but the wit and genius she embodied in her charming letters are eternal.

In one of the upper stories of a

house in the Rue St. Honoré lived Joubert, the Coleridge of France. His keeping-room was flooded with the light he loved, and from it, as he said, he saw a great deal of sky and very little earth. There he passed his days among the books he had collected. He rigorously excluded from his library all the books he disapproved of; unwilling, as he said, to admit an unworthy friend to his constant companionship. To this room he attracted a brilliant circle of conspicuous authors and statesmen by his conversational talents, and there he wrote his immortal *Pensées*. He said he left Paris unwillingly, because then he had to part from his friends; and he left the country unwillingly, because he had to part from himself. Writing from that sunny room, he says: "In many things, I am like the butterfly; like him, I love the light; like him, I there consume my life; like him, I need, in order to spread my wings, that there be fair weather around me in society, and that my mind feel itself surrounded and as if penetrated by the mild temperature of indulgence." But he wrote graver and more profound things there. One of his friends said of him that he seemed to be a soul that by accident had met with a body, and was trying to make the best of it. And he, ever indulgent to the faults of others, said of his friends, "When they are blind of one eye, I look at them in profile."

The Abbaye aux Bois is interesting from its association with Madame Récamier and her circle. Her rooms were in the third story and paved with tiles, and they overlooked the pleasant garden of the monastery, and, when lit up with wit and genius, they needed no other attraction. Among her visitors there were Sir Humphry Davy, Maria Edgeworth, Humboldt, Lamartine, Delphine

Gay, Chateaubriand, etc. They must have been like the gods, speaking from peak to peak all around Olympus. Lamartine read his *Méditations* there before they were given to the public. Chateaubriand thus speaks of the room: "The windows overlooked the garden of the abbey, under the verdant shade of which the nuns paced up and down, and the pupils played. The top of an acacia was on a level with the eye, sharp spires pierced the sky, and in the distance rose the hills of Sèvres. The rays of the setting sun threw a golden light over the landscape and came in through the open windows. Some birds were settling themselves for the night on the top of the window-blinds. Here I found silence and solitude, far above the tumult and turmoil of a great city."

To the church of the abbey, a plain, unpretending structure, Eugénie de Guérin went every day to Mass during her first visit to Paris. There, too, were the bans of her brother Maurice published, and there he was married.

The house of Madame Swetchine, in the Rue St. Dominique, must be regarded with veneration. There was no austerity about the *salon* of this remarkable woman. It was adorned with pictures, bronzes, and flowers, and in the evening it was illuminated with a profusion of lamps and candles, giving it a festive air. And then the great lights of the church, always diffusing their radiance and aroma in that favored room, Lacordaire, De Ravignan, Dupanloup, De la Bouillerie, etc. To have found one's self among them must have seemed like being among the prophets on Mount Carmel. They all loved to officiate and preach in her beautiful private chapel, which was adorned with a multitude of precious stones from the Russian mines,

gleaming around the ineffable presence of the Divinity. Mary, too, was there. On the base of her silver statue was her monogram in diamonds, which Madame Swetchine had worn as maid of honor to the Empress Mary of Russia.

These circles, and many others I could recall, are now broken up for ever. We have all heard and read so much of those who composed them that they seem like personal friends. We linger around the places to which they imparted a certain sacredness, and follow them in thought to the world of mystery and eternal reunion, thanking God that the great gulf from the finite to the infinite has been bridged over by the Incarnation.

One morning, I went to the church of the Carmelites. A tablet on the wall points out the spot where the heart of Monseigneur Affre was deposited—the heart of him who gave his life for his flock. Around it were suspended some wreaths. On one, of immortelles, was painted, in black letters, *A mon Père*, the offering of one of his spiritual children. Wishing to have some objects of devotion blessed, I went into the sacristy (I remembered Eugénie de Guérin speaks of going into that sacristy), where I found one of the monks prostrate in prayer, making his thanksgiving after Mass. Enveloped in his habit, his bald head covered by a cowl, he looked like a ghost from the dark ages. Not venturing to approach the ghostly father, I made known my errand to a good-natured-looking lay brother, who conveyed it to that part of the cowl where the right ear of the monk might reasonably be supposed to be, which brought back the holy man to earth, causing me some compunction of conscience. The brother spread out my articles, brought the ritual and the stole, and the father, throwing back his cowl,

murmured over them the prayers of holy church, and then disappeared into the monastery. Presently I heard the voices of the monks saying the office, which they do, like nuns, in choir and behind a curtained grate, so they are not seen from the church.

This monastery may be compared to the Roman amphitheatre where the early Christians were thrown to the wild beasts. Here indeed was fought the good fight, and the victors rose to heaven with palms in their hands. I know of nothing more sublime and thrilling in the annals of the church than the massacre of about two hundred priests that took place here on the second of September, 1792. I cannot refrain from giving a condensed account of it by one of the writers of the day: "For some weeks there had been assembled and heaped together two hundred priests, who had refused to take the schismatic oath, or had nobly recanted it. During the first day of their incarceration, these loyal priests had been inhumanly imprisoned in the church. The guards in their midst watched to prevent their having the consolation of even speaking to each other. Their only nourishment was bread and water. The stone floor was their bed. It was only later that a few were permitted to have straw beds. These priests, whom martyrdom was to render immortal, had at their head three prelates whose virtues recall the primitive days of the church. Their chief was the Archbishop of Arles, Monseigneur du Lau. He had been deputed to the states-general; his piety equalled his knowledge; and his humility even surpassed his merit. The day after the memorable roth of August he had been sent to the Carmelite monastery (then converted into a prison) with sixty-two

other priests. Notwithstanding his age (he was over eighty) and his infirmities, he refused all indulgences that were not also extended to his brother-captives. For several days a wooden arm-chair was his bed as well as his pontifical throne. Thence his persuasive words instilled into those around him the sentiments of ineffable charity that filled his own heart, and when his exhausted voice could no longer make itself heard, his very appearance expressed a sublime resignation.

"Two other bishops, brothers, bearing the name of De la Rochefoucauld, one the Bishop of Beauvais, and the other of Saintes, also encouraged their companions in misfortune by their words and by their example. The Bishop of Saintes had not been arrested, but, wishing to join his brother, he made himself a prisoner. There were members of every rank in the ecclesiastical hierarchy: M. Hébert, the confessor of the king who wrote to him at the beginning of August, 'I expect nothing more from man, bring me therefore the consolations of heaven;' the general of the Benedictines, the Abbé de Lubusac, several of the curés of Paris, Mr. Gros, called the modern Vincent of Paul, and priests brought from various places, holy victims whom the God of Calvary had chosen to associate with his sufferings, and judged worthy of the most glorious of all deaths—that of martyrdom.

"For more than two days, the wretches who hovered around their enclosure had filled the air with cries of blood, and predicting that the sacrifice was about to take place. One said to the Archbishop of Arles: 'My lord, on the morrow your grace is to be killed.' These derisive insults recalled to the holy captives the judgment-hall of their divine Master,

and like him they bore them in silence, forgiving and praying for their enemies.

"On the second of September they could no longer doubt that their last hour had arrived. The hurried movements of the troops, the cries in the neighboring streets, and the alarm-guns they heard made them somewhat aware of the sinister events that were passing without. At the dawn of day they had gathered together in the church. They made their confessions to each other, they blessed one another, and partook of the Holy Eucharist. They were singing the Benediction together at about five in the evening when the ominous cries came nearer. Then two holy hymns succeeded the prayers for the dying. All at once the jailers entered, and began calling the roll, which already had been done three times that day. The prisoners were then ordered into the garden, which they found occupied by guards armed with pikes and wearing the *bonnet rouge*. The murderers filled the courts, the halls, and the church, making the venerable arches re-echo to the noise of their weapons and their blasphemies. The priests, one hundred and eighty-five in number, were divided into two groups. About thirty, among whom were the bishops, rushed toward a little oratory at the extremity of the garden, where they threw themselves upon their knees, recommending themselves to God. They embraced each other for the last time, and began saying the vespers for the dead, when suddenly the gates were flung open, and the assassins rushed in from various directions.

"The sight of these holy priests upon their knees arrested their fury for an instant. The first who fell under their blows was Father Gerault, who was reciting his breviary regard-

less of their cries. That breviary, pierced with a ball and stained with blood, was discovered on the spot at the restoration of the Carmelites, and it is preserved as a precious relic. Then the Archbishop of Arles was demanded. While they were seeking him through the alleys, he was exhorting his companions to offer to God the sacrifice of their lives. Hearing his name called, he knelt down, and asked the most aged of the priests to give him absolution; then, rising, he advanced to meet the assassins. With his arms crossed upon his breast and his eyes raised toward heaven, he uttered in a calm voice the same words his divine Master addressed to his enemies: "I am he whom you seek." The first stroke of the sword was upon his forehead, but the venerable man remained standing; a second made the blood flow in torrents, but still he did not fall; the fifth laid him on the ground, when a pike was driven through his heart. Then he was trampled under the feet of the assassins, who exclaimed, 'Vive la nation!'

"The general massacre then ensued. While the unfortunate priests, with the instinct of self-preservation, were flying at random through the garden, some screening themselves behind the hedges and others climbing the trees, the murderers fired at them, and, when one of them fell, they would rush upon his body, prolong his agony, and exult over his sufferings. About forty perished in this manner. Some of the younger priests succeeded in scaling the walls and hiding themselves; but, remembering they were flying from martyrdom and that their escape might excite greater fury against their companions, they retraced their steps and received their reward! The Bishop of Beauvais and his brother were in the garden oratory with thir-

ty priests. A grating separated them from the murderers, who fired upon them, killing the greater number. The Bishop of Beauvais was not touched, but his brother had a leg broken by a ball.

"For an instant this horrid butchery was suspended. One of the leaders ordered all the priests into the church, whither they were driven—even the wounded and dying—at the sword's point. There they gathered around the altar, offering anew to their Saviour the sacrifice of their lives, whilst their executioners, calling them out two by two, finished their butchery more promptly and completely. To each one life was offered on condition of taking the revolutionary oath. They all refused, and not one escaped. Whilst these assassins added blasphemous shouts to their murderous strokes, whilst they demolished the crosses and the tabernacles, the holy phalanx of priests, which death was every moment lessening, kept praying for their murderers and their country. The two bishops were among the last executed. When it came to the turn of the Bishop of Beauvais, he left the altar upon which he had been leaning, and calmly advanced to meet his death. His brother, whose wound prevented his walking, asked for assistance, and was carried out to his execution. It was eight in the evening when the last execution took place. Over four hundred priests were massacred in different parts of Paris at this period, besides many isolated murders."

The constancy of these martyrs has made many do more than exclaim with Horace Walpole: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Catholic!" He says, in a letter dated October 14, 1792: "For the French priests, I own I honor them. They preferred beggary to perjury, and have died or fled to preserve the

integrity of their consciences. It certainly was not the French clergy but the philosophers that have trained up their countrymen to be the most bloody men upon earth."

In 1854, this monastery, where flowed the blood of martyrs and which had echoed with their dying groans, resounded with the strains of *O Salutaris Hostia!* on the festival of Corpus Christi, and priests bore the divine Host through the alleys of the garden where, sixty years before, had rushed those who were swift to shed blood. An altar had been erected under the yew-tree where the Archbishop of Arles fell. Children scattered flowers over the place once covered with blood. Well might the pale-lipped clergy tearfully chant in such a spot:

"THE WHITE-ROBED ARMY OF MARTYRS PRAISE  
THEM!"

Every age has its martyrs. They are the glory of the church, and their blood is its seed. The church must ever suffer with its divine spouse. Sometimes its head—the Vicar of Christ—is crowned with thorns; sometimes its heart bleeds from a thrust in the very house of its friends; and, again, its feet and hands are nailed in the extremities of the earth.

And every follower of Christ crucified has his martyrdom—a martyrdom of the soul, if not of the body. The sacred stigmata are imprinted on every soul, that embraces the cross, and no one can look upon him who hangs thereon, with the eyes of faith, without catching something of his resemblance. Suffering is now, as when he was on earth, the glorious penalty of those who approach the nearest to his Divine Person.

"Three saints of old their lips upon the Incarnate  
Saviour laid,  
And each with death or agony for the high rap-  
ture paid.



His mother's holy kisses of the coming sword  
gave sign,  
And Simeon's hymn full closely did with his last  
breath entwine;  
And Magdalen's first tearful touch prepared her  
but to greet

With homage of a broken heart his pierced and  
lifeless feet.  
The crown of thorns, the heavy cross, the nails  
and bleeding brows,  
The pale and dying lips, are the portion of the  
spouse."

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## SOR JUANA INES DE LA CRUZ.

So little is known of Spanish American literature that any fresh report from its pages seems to have the nature of a revelation. Our acquaintance with Heredia, Placido, Milanes, Mendive, Carpio, Pesado, Galvan, Calderon, is slight or naught; yet these poets are most interesting on account of the countries, peoples, and causes for which they speak eloquently, even if we deny that they add greatly to the genuine substance of our literary possession. Less question, however, can be entertained of the importance of some older names whose fame made for itself a refuge in the Spanish churches and cloisters of the New World long before revolutionists took to shooting the Muses on the wing. In the seventeenth century lived and wrought Cabrera, Siguenza, and Sor or Sister Juana Ines. They belonged to a country which claimed for awhile as its scholars, though not as its natives, Doctor Valbuena, author of the very well-known epical fantasy called *The Bernardo*, and Mateo Alaman, who wrote the famous story of *Guzman de Alfarache*. Juan Ruiz de Alarcon, one of the most remarkable dramatic poets of a great dramatic age, was a native of that same country, Mexico. Siguenza, as mathematician, historian, antiquary, and poet, has been well esteemed by Humboldt and the scholars of his own race. It is much to

say that the land which produced an artist as great as Cabrera also gave birth to a scholar and poet as renowned in her day and as appreciable in ours as Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz. Among all these celebrities, who would have been eminent in any time among any people, this Mexican nun of the seventeenth century holds a place of her own. Looking back upon the past with all our modern light, we cannot but regard her as one of the most admirable characters of the New World.

Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz was born at San Miguel de Nepantla, twelve leagues from the city of Mexico, in the year 1651, and died at the age of forty-four. When but three years old, she was able to read, write, and "cipher," and at eight she wrote a prologue for the feast of the Holy Sacrament. Once she cut her hair, and would not allow it to grow till she had acquired the learning she proposed to herself, seeing no reason why a head should be covered with hair that was denuded of knowledge, its best ornament. After twenty lessons, it was said, she knew Latin, and so great was her desire to learn that she importuned her parents to send her to the University of Mexico in boy's clothes. When seventeen years of age, and a cherished inmate of the Viceroy Mancera's family, she amazed a large company

of the professors and scholars of the capital by tests of her various erudition and abilities. Notwithstanding her beauty and fortune, her rank and accomplishments, and the life of a gallant and brilliant court, she determined at that early age to retire to a cloister, and in a few years became known as Sor Juana of San Geronimo, a convent of the city of Mexico. After this appeared her poems, *The Crisis* and *The Dream*, in the latter of which she writes much of mythology, physics, medicine, and history, according to the scholastic manner of her time. With these and her subsequent poetic writings, such as her sonnets, loas, romances, and autos, she had rare fame, and won from some of her admirers the enthusiastic titles of "The Phoenix of Mexico," "Tenth Muse," and "Poetess of America." The writer has an old volume before him bearing literally this title-page: "Fama, y Obras Posthumas del Fenix de Mexico, y Dezima Musa, Poetisa de la America, Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz, Religiosa Professa en el Convento de San Geronimo, de la Imperial Ciudad de Mexico. Recogidas y dadas a luz por el Doctor Don Juan Ignacio de Castorena y Ursua, Capellan de Honor de su Magestad, y Prebendado de la Santa Iglesia Metropolitana de Mexico. En Barcelona: Por Rafael Figuero. Año de MDCCI. Con todas las licencias necesarias." Thus it appears we owe to the Prebendary Castorena the edition of the posthumous works of Sor Juana given to the light in 1701, six years after her death.

But, whether as the sister or the mother of a convent, Juana Ines de la Cruz was more than a mistress of vain learning or unprofitable science. Her daily assiduous exercise was charity, which at last so controlled her life and thoughts that she gave all her musical and mathematical in-

struments, all the rich presents which her talents had attracted from illustrious people, and all her books, excepting those she left to her sisters, to be sold for the benefit of the poor. Though she had evidently prized science as the handmaid of religion, the time came when her verses upon the vanity of learning reflected a mind more and more withdrawn from the affairs of this world to the contemplation of the next. When an epidemic visited the Convent of San Geronimo, and but two out of every ten invalids were saved, the good, brave soul of Madre Juana shone transcendently. Spite of warnings and petitions, and though all the city prayed for her life, Madre Juana perished at her vigil of charity—the good angel as well as muse of Mexico.

Of the enthusiasm created by her genius, we have abundant and curious proofs. Don Alonzo Muxica, "perpetual Recorder of the City of Salamanca," wrote a sonnet upon her having learned to read at the age of three, when "what for all is but the break of morn in her was as the middle of the day." Excelentissimo Sir Felix Fernandez de Cordova Cordona y Aragon, Duke of Seffa, of Væna and Soma, Count of Cabra, Palomas, and Olivitas, and Grand Admiral and Captain-General of Naples, speaks of her in a lofty poetic encomium as for the third time applauded by two admiring worlds of readers, and praises her persuasive voice as that of a sweet siren of thought. Don Garcia Ribadeneyra, with the grandiose wit of his day, says in a decima that this extraordinary woman surpassed the sun, for her glorious genius rose where the sun set, that is to say, in the West; and Don Pedro Alfonso Moreno argues piously that St. John the Baptist's three crowns of Virgin, Martyr, and

Doctor were in measure those of Madre Juana. who was from early years chaste, poor in spirit, and obedient, according to the vow of religious women. Don Luis Verdejo declares that she transferred the lyceums of the Muses to Mexico, and that the light of her genius is poured upon two worlds. Padre Cabrera, chaplain of the Most Excellent Duke of Arcos, asserts that the Eternal Knowledge enlightened Juana in all learning. "Only her fame can define her," writes one of her own sex; and when the Poetess of the Cloister wrote with her own blood a protestation of faith, it was said of this "Swan of erudite plume" that she wrote like the martyr to whose ink of blood the earth was as paper. Her gift of books to be sold in order to relieve the poor inspired Señora Catalina de Fernandez de Cordova, nun in the Convent of the Holy Ghost in Alcala, to say thus thoughtfully:

"Without her books did Juana grow more wise,  
As for their loss she studied deep content.  
Know, then, that in this human school of ours,  
He only is wise who knows to love his God."

At thought of her death, Don Luis Muñoz Venegas, of Granada, wonders that the sun shines, that ships sail, that earth is fair, that all things do not grieve her loss, whose happy soul in its beatitudes enjoys the riches of which death has robbed the world—sweetness, purity, felicity. Fray Juan de Rueda, professor of theology in the college of San Pablo; Licentiate Villalobos of San Ildefonso, and Señor Guerra, fellow of the same college; Advocate Pimienta, of the Royal Audience, and Bachelor Olivas, a presbyter; Syndic Torres, Catedratico or Professor Aviles, Cavalier Ulloa, have all something to say in Spanish or Latin on the death of our poetess. Doctor Aviles imagines the death of Sor Juana to be like that

of the rose, which, having acquired in a brief age all its perfection, needed not to live longer. Don Diego Martinez suggests beautifully that the profit which other excellent minds will derive from the posthumous writings of the poetess will be like the clearness which the stars gain by the death of the sun. Mingled with these honest tributes of admiration is much extravagance of comparison; but they prove at least that Sor Juana was regarded by the learned of her day as a woman of astonishing powers.

Amid all her studies and labors, we read that Sister Juana was constant in her religious devotions, and faithful to the least rules of her order. But her conscientious spirit, moved by a letter of Bishop Fernandez of Puebla, determined her at length to renounce the exercise of her talents for the strictest and purest ascetism. Hence, one of her Mexican critics is led to say that we have only the echoes of her songs, only the shades of her images, inasmuch as her sex and state, and the reigning scholasticism, were not convenient for the true expression of her thoughts. The noble, ascetic literature of Spain, respecting which it is with reason boasted that the world contains nothing of the kind more valuable, discredits in good part this supposition. Moreover, the recognition of Sor Juana's work and genius was, as we have seen, not inconsiderable. The world is still in its infancy as regards religious idealism, and, spite of the highest evidences, often refuses to believe that thoughts fed from the divin source can fulfil the true poem of life, be it written or acted. What the thoughts of Sor Juana were like in her ordinary religious life we understand partly from a number of daily exercises and meditations which have come down to us. Here are specimens of these compositions:

## EXERCISE.

On this day, at seeing the light come forth, bless its Author who made it so beautiful a creation, and praise him with a submissive heart; not only because he created it for our good, but because he made it a vassal to his mother and our mediatrix. Go to Mass with all possible devotion, and those who can, let them fast and give thanks to God. Thou shalt sing the canticle *Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino* and the verse *Benedicite lux*. Understand that not only the just ought to praise God, who are themselves as light, but the sinners who are as darkness. Consider yourselves such, every one of you, and mourn for having added to the original transgression, darkness upon darkness, sins upon sins. Resolve to correct thyself; and that Mary's purest light may reach you, recite a *Salve*, and nine times the *Magnificat*, face to the ground, and fly from all sin this day, even the shadow thereof. Abstain from all impatience, murmurings, repinings, and suffer with meekness those evils which are a repugnance to our nature. If it be a day of discipline of the community, that is enough, but if not, it shall be especially made so. Those who do not know how to read Latin shall recite nine *Salves* mouth to the ground, and shall fast if they are able, and if not, they shall make an act of contrition, so that the Lord may give them light for his timely service, even as he gave them material light by which to live.

## MEDITATION.

If we look at the properties of the firmament, what more assimilates to the miraculous constancy of Mary, whom neither those steeped in original sin could make fall, nor the combats of temptation make stumble! But still, amid the torments and tempests of human miseries, between the troubles of her life, and the painful passion and death of her most holy Son and our most beloved Saviour; amid the waves of incredulity in the doubts of his disciples; among the hidden rocks of the perfidy of Judas, and the uncertainty of so many timid souls—ever was her constancy preserved. Not only was she firm, but beautiful as the firmament, which (according to the mathematicians) hath this other excellence, that it is bordered by innumerable stars, but has only seven planets which are fixed and never move. Thus, holiest Mary

was not only most pure in her conception, transparent and translucent, but afterwards the Lord adorned her with innumerable virtues which she acquired, even as the stars which border that most beautiful firmament; and she not only had them all, but had them fixed, all immovable, all in order and admirable concert: but if in the other children of Adam we see some virtues, they are errant—to-day we have them, to-morrow they are gone—to-day is light, to-morrow darkness. We will rejoice in her prerogative, and say unto her:

## OFFERING.

Honored Lady, and crown of our human being, divine firmament where the stars of virtue are fixed, give their benign influence to us, thy devoted ones, that by thy favor we may cure ourselves and acquire them; and that light which thou dost partake of the Sun of Righteousness, communicate it to our souls, and fix in them thy virtues, the love of thy precious Son, and thy sweetest and tenderest devotion, and of thy happy husband, our patron and advocate, St. Joseph.

These compositions doubtless give us a better idea of the interior thought of Mexican monasticism than some yellow-covered speculations. In that life grew the finest genius, the greatest woman, perhaps the most remarkable character in all respects that Mexico ever produced. Considering the time and place in which she wrote, the New World has scarcely produced her superior among women of genius. Up to the nineteenth century America had, doubtless, no literary product comparable to the poems of Sor Juana Ines. What Cabrera was to the art, Sor Juana seems to have been to the literature of her country; and both these workers of genius gave their powers to the service of religion. It is here worthy of remark that not only were the greatest painter and poet of Mexico studious servants of the church, but that its most celebrated scientist was the Jesuit Sigüenza y Gongora, author of a funeral eulogy of Sor Juana

Ines, whom he knew and appreciated, for he, too, was a poet. Without social helps, without emulation, such as is ordinarily understood, such proofs of her high intelligence as we possess have come to light. Perplexed as it was with the mannered erudition of the schools, her poetry nevertheless reveals noble sensibility and thought in superior forms. Thus she sings in her verses entitled "Sentiments of Absence:"

' Hear me with eyes,  
Now that so distant are thine ears;  
Of absence my laments;  
In echoes from my pen the groans;  
And as can reach thee not my voice so rude,  
Hear thou me deaf, since dumbly I complain."

This is like a voice of the Elizabethan age; but what *woman* even of that day has left us so rare a record of poetry and piety combined as the nun of San Geronimo, she who lived in 1670 in far-off, outlandish Mexico? What chapter of literature would seem too good to entertain this Tenth Muse, to whom we owe such sonnets as these:

TO A PAINTER OF OUR LADY, OF MOST  
EXCELLENT PENCIL.

If pencil, although grand in human wise,  
Could make a picture thus most beautiful,  
Where even clearest vision not refines  
Thy light, O admirable—yet in vain:  
How did the author of thy sovereign soul  
Proportion space to his creation fair!  
What grace he painted, and what loveliness!  
The scope more ample, greater was the hand.  
Was found within the sphere of purest light  
The pencil, schooled within the morning-star,  
When thou wert dawned, Aurora most divine?  
Yea, thus indeed it was; but verily  
The sky has not paid back thy cost to him  
Who spent in thee more light than it has now.

THE LOVERS.

Feliciano loves me, and I hate him;  
Lizardo hates me, and I do adore him;

For him who does not want me, do I cry,  
And him who yearns for me, I not desire.  
To him who me disdains, my soul I offer,  
And him who is my victim, I disdain.  
Him I despise who would enrich my honor,  
And him who doth condemn me, I'd enrich.  
If with offence the first I have displeased,  
The other doth displease by me offended—  
And thus I come to suffer every way;  
For both are but as torments to my feelings—  
This one with asking that which I have not,  
And that in not having what I'd ask.

THE ROSE.

Celia beheld a rose that in the walk  
Flourished in pride of springtime loveliness,  
And whose bright hues of carmine or of red  
Bathed joyfully its delicate countenance—  
And said: Enjoy without the fear of fate  
The fleeting course of thy luxuriant age,  
Since will not death be able on the morrow,  
To take from thee what thou to-day enjoyest;  
And though he come within a little while,  
Still grieve thou not to die so young and fair:  
Hear what experience may counsel thee—  
That fortunate 'tis to die being beautiful,  
And not to see the woe of being old.

THE DECEPTION.

This that thou seest, a deception painted,  
Which of art's excellence makes display,  
With curious counterfeit of coloring,  
Is an insidious cheating of the sense.  
This, wherewithin has flattery pretended  
To excuse the grim deformity of age,  
And vanquishing the rigor hard of time  
To triumph o'er oblivion and decay;  
Is but the shallow artifice of care,  
Is as a fragile flower within the wind;  
It is a useless guard 'gainst destiny;  
It is a foolish and an erring toil;  
'Tis labor imbecile, and, rightly scanned,  
Is death, is dust, is shadow, and is naught.

These rude translations give but a poor idea of the poet's expression, but they allow the height and quality of her intellect to be understood. In one of her most thoughtful poems, the *Romance on the Vanity of Science*, she argues against self-seeking knowledge, and the perils to which genius exposes itself by too much seeking its own devices. This poem is so representative and remarkable that we must give it entire quotation:

ROMANCE.

Finjamos que soy feliz.  
Triste pensamiento un rato;  
Quizá podreis persuadirme,  
Aunque yo sé lo contrario.

Que, pues solo en la aprension  
Dicen que estriban los daños;  
Si os imaginais dichoso.  
No sareis tan desdichado.

Feign we that I am happy,  
Sad thought, a little while,  
For, though 'twere but dissembling,  
Would thou couldst me beguile!

Yet since but in our terrors  
They say our miseries grow,  
If joy we can imagine,  
The less will seem our woe.

Sírvame el entendimiento  
Alguna vez de descanso;  
Y no siempre esté el ingenio  
Con el provecho encontrado.

Todo el mundo es opinionea,  
De pareceres tan varios,  
Que lo que el uno, que es negro,  
El otro prueba que es blanco.

A unos sirve de atractivo  
Lo que otro concibe enfado;  
Y lo que este por alivio  
Aquel tiene por trabajo.

El que está triste, censura  
Al alegre de liviano;  
Y el que está alegre, se burla,  
De ver al triste penando.

Los dos filosofos griegos  
Bien esta verdad probaron,  
Pues, lo que en el uno risa,  
Causaba, en el otro llanto.

Célebre su oposicion  
Ha sido, por siglos tantos,  
Sin que cuál acertó, esté  
Hasta agora averiguado.

Antes en sus dos banderas  
El mundo todo alistado,  
Conforme el humor le dicta,  
Sigue cada cuál su bando.

Uno dice, que de risa  
Solo es digno el mundo vario;  
Y otro, que sus infortunios  
Son solo para llorarlos.

Para todo se halla prueba  
Y razon en que fundarlo;  
Y no hay razon para nada,  
De haber razon para tanto.

Todos son iguales jueces  
Y siendo iguales, y varios,  
No hay quien pueda decidir  
Cuál es lo mas acertado.

¿Pues sino hay quien lo sentencie,  
Por qué pensais vos, errado,  
Que os cometió Dios á vos  
La decision de los casos?

¿O por que, contra vos mismo,  
Severamente inhumano,  
Entre lo amargo, y lo dulce  
Quereis elegir lo amargo?

¿Si es mio mi entendimiento,  
Por qué siempre he de encontrarlo  
Tan torpe para el alivio,  
Tan agudo para el daño?

El discurso es un acero  
Que sirve por ambos cabos;  
De dar muerte por la punta,  
Por el pomo de resguardo.

¿Si vos sabiendo el peligro  
Quereis por la punta usarlo,  
Que culpa tiene el acero  
Del mal uso de la mano?

Must our intelligences  
Some time of quiet find;  
Not always may our genius  
With profit rule the mind.

The world's full of opinions,  
And these so different quite,  
That what to one black seemeth  
Another proves is white.

To some appears attractive  
What many deem a bore;  
And that which thee delighted  
Thy fellow labors o'er.

He who is sad condemneth  
The gay one's gleeeful tones;  
He who is merry jesteth  
Whene'er the sad one groans.

By two old Greek wisacres  
This truth well proved appears;  
Since what in one caused laughter,  
The other moved to tears.

Renowned has been this contest  
For ages, without fruit,  
And what one age asserted  
Till now is in dispute.

Into two lists divided  
The world's opinions stand,  
And as his humor leads him  
Follows each one his band.

One says the world is worthy  
Only of merriment;  
Another, its distresses  
Call for our loud lament.

For all opinions various  
Some proof or reason's brought,  
And for so much there's reason  
That reason is for naught.

All, all are equal judges,  
And all of different view,  
And none can make decision  
Of what is best or true.

Then since can none determine,  
Think'st thou, whose reason strays,  
To thee hath God committed  
The judgment of the case?

O why, to thyself cruel,  
Dost thou thy peace reject?  
Between the sweet and bitter,  
The bitter dost elect?

If 'tis mine my understanding,  
Why always must it be  
So dull and slow to pleasurę,  
So keen for injury?

A sharp blade is our learning  
Which serves us at both ends:  
Death by the point it giveth,  
By the handle, it defends.

And if, aware of peril,  
Its point thou wilt demand,  
How canst thou blame the weapon  
For the folly of thy hand?

No es saber, saber hacer  
Discursos sutiles, vanos,  
Que el saber consiste solo  
En elegir lo mas sano.

Especular las desdichas,  
Y examinar los presagios,  
Solo sirve de que el mal  
Crezca con anticiparlo.

En los trabajos futuros  
La atencion sutilizando,  
Mas formidable que el riesgo  
Suele fingir el amago.

¡Que feliz es la ignorancia  
Del que indoctamente sabio,  
Halla de lo que podece  
En lo que ignora sagrado!

No siempre suben seguros  
Vuelos del ingenio osados,  
Que bucan trono en el fuego,  
Y hallan sepulcro en el llanto.

Tambien es vicio el saber  
Que si no se va atajando,  
Cuanto menos se conoce  
Es mas nocivo el estrago.

Y si vuelo no le abaten  
En sutilezas cebado,  
Por cuidar de lo curioso  
Olvida lo necesario.

Si culta mano no impide  
Crecer al arbol copado,  
Quitan la sustancia al fruto  
La locura de los ramos.

¡Si andar a nave ligera,  
No estorba lastre pesado;  
Sirve el vuelo de que sea  
El precipicio mas alto?

En amenidad inutil,  
Que importa al florido campo,  
Si no halla fruto el otono  
Que ostente flores el mayo.

¿De que le sirve al ingenio  
El producir muchos partos,  
Si a la multitud le sigue  
El malogro de abortarlo?

Yá esta desdicha, por fuerza  
Ha de seguirle el fracaso  
De quedar el que produce,  
Si no muerto, lastimado.

El ingenio es como el fuego,  
Que con la materia ingrato,  
Tanto la consume mas,  
Cuanto el se ostenta mas claro.

Es de su proprio señor  
Tan rebelado vasallo,  
Que convierte en sus ofensas  
Las armas de su resguardo.

Este pesimo ejercicio,  
Este duro afan pesado,  
A los hijos de los hombres  
Dió Dios para ejercitarlos.

Not is true wisdom knowing  
Most subtle speech and vain;  
Best knowledge is in choosing  
That which is safe and sane.

To speculate disaster,  
To seek for presages,  
Serves to increase affliction,  
Anticipates distress.

In the troubles of the future  
The anxious mind is lost,  
And more than any danger  
Doth danger's menace cost.

Of him the unschooled wise man  
How happy is the chance!  
He finds from suffering refuge  
In simple ignorance.

*Not always safe aspire  
The wings that genius bears,  
Which seek a throne in fire,  
And find a grave in tears.*

And vicious is the knowledge  
That seeking swift its end  
Is all the more unwary  
Of the woe that doth impend.

And if its flight it stops not  
In pampered, strange deceits,  
Then for the curious searching  
The needful it defeats.

If culture's hand not pruneth  
The leafage of the tree,  
Takes from the fruit's sustenance  
The rank, wild greenery.

If all its ballast heavy  
Yon light ship not prevents,  
Will it help the flight of pinions  
From nature's battlements?

In verdant beauty useless,  
What profits the fair field  
If the blooming growths of springtime  
No autumn fruitage yield?

And of what use is genius  
With all its work of might,  
If are its toils reward'd  
By failure and despite?

And perforce to this misfortune  
Must that despair succeed,  
Which, if its arrow kills not,  
Must make the bosom bleed.

Like to a fire doth genius  
In thankless matter grow;  
The more that it consumeth,  
It boasts the brighter glow.

It is of its own master  
So rebellious a slave,  
That to offence it turneth  
The weapons that should save

Such exercise distressful,  
Such hard anxiety,  
To all the sad world's children  
God gave their souls to try.



¿ Que loca ambicion nos lleva  
De nosotros olvidados,  
Si es para vivir tan poco,  
De que sirve saber tanto?

Oh! si como hay de saber,  
Hubiera algun seminario,  
O escuela, donde á ignorar  
Se enseñara los trabajos!

¡ Que felizmente viviera,  
El que flotamente cauto ;  
Burlara las amenazas  
Del influjo de los astros!

Aprendamos á ignorar  
Pensamientos, pues hallamos,  
Que cuanto añado al discurso,  
Tanto le usurpo á los años.

What mad ambition takes us  
From self-forgetful state,  
If 'tis to live so little  
We make our knowledge great?

Oh! if we must have knowledge,  
I would there were some school  
Wherein to teach not knowing  
Life's woes, should be the rule.

Happy shall be his living  
Whose life no rashness mars;  
He shall laugh at all the threatenings  
Of the magic of the stars!

Learn we the wise unknowing,  
Since it so well appears  
That what to learning's added  
Is taken from our years.

We may dispute, in some respects, the drift of Sister Juana's philosophy; but we cannot question the poetic wisdom of many of her reflections. How true it is that in a multitude of reasons one finds no reason at all; that the rank overgrowth of knowledge does not bear the best fruit; that genius, allied with base substance, grows brighter, by a kind of self-consuming; that wisdom can sometimes find refuge in ignorance! No one, be his fame what it may, has stated a grand and touching truth with better force than appears in Sor Juana's grave misgiving with regard to the genius "which seeks a throne in fire, and finds a sepulchre in tears." Is not this the history, at once sublime and pathetic, of so many failures of the restless intellect? Sor Juana knew how to preach from such a text, for she was a rare scholar, and mistress of verse, and religious woman. The variety of her literary employments was considerable, in comparison with the bulk of Mexican verse and prose, notwithstanding the old-fashioned manners of her cloistered muse. She wrote, in addition to sonnets and romances, the dramatic religious pieces called *loas* and *autos*, among which we find dialogues and acts entitled "The Sceptre of St. Joseph," "San Her-

mengildo," and "The Divine Narciso." Her poetic moods were not, it appears, limited to hymns and to blank-verse; indeed, she had the qualities of a ripe poet—humor, fancy, imagination, able thought, and, if anything else should be added, doubtless the reader will find it in the ideality of a sonnet so superb as the one in praise of Our Lady. Of her religious tenderness we have a fine example in the following lines from "El Divino Narciso," which have been compared by a Mexican critic to the best mystical songs of St. John of the Cross and other Spanish ascetics. They convey the appeal which the Shepherd of Souls makes to a soul which has strayed from the flock:

O my lost lamb,  
Thy master all forgetting,  
Whither dost erring go?  
Behold how now divided  
From me, thou partest from thy life!

In my tender kindness,  
Thou seest how always loving  
I guard thee watchfully,  
I free thee of all danger,  
And that I give my life for thee.

Behold how that my beauty  
Is of all things beloved,  
And is of all things sought,  
And by all creatures praised.  
Still dost thou choose from me to go astray.

I go to seek thee yet,  
Although thou art as lost;  
But for thee now my life  
I cannot still lay down  
That once I wished to lose to find my sheep.

Do worthier than thou  
Ask these my benefits,  
The rivers flowing fair,  
The pastures and green glades  
Wherein my loving-kindness feedeth thee.

Within a barren field,  
In desert land afar,  
I found thee, ere the wolf  
Had all thy life despoiled,  
And prized thee as the apple of mine eye.

I led thee to the verdure  
Of my most peaceful ways,  
Where thou hast fed at will  
Upon the honey sweet  
And oil that flowed to thee from out the  
rock.

With generous crops of grain,  
With marrowy substances,  
I have sustained thy life,  
Made thee most savory food,  
And given to thee the juice of fragrant  
grapes.

Thou seekest other fields  
With them that did not know  
Thy fathers, honored not  
Thy elders, and in this  
Thou dost excite my own displeasure  
grave.

And for that thou hast sinned  
I'll hide from thee my face,  
Before whose light the sun  
Its feeble glory pales;  
From thee, ingrate, perverse, and most  
unfaithful one.

Shall my displeasure's scourge  
Thy verdant fields destroy,  
The herb that gives thee food;  
And shall my fires lay waste,  
Even from the top of highest mountains old.

My lightning arrows shall  
Be drawn, and hunger sharp  
Shall cut the threads of life,  
And evil birds of prey  
And fiercest beasts shall lie in wait for thee.

Shall grovelling serpents show  
The venom of their rage,  
By different ways of death  
My rigors shall be wrought;  
Without thee by the sword, within thee  
by thy fears.

Behold I am thy Sovereign,  
And there is none more strong;  
That I am life and death,  
That I can slay and save,  
And nothing can escape from out my hand.

Our last quotation from Sister Juana's poems will be one of those tributes which, in verse or prose, she so often paid to the Blessed Virgin. It is a song taken from her villancicos, or rhymes for festivals. The literary manners of her time seem to have obscured the native excellence of her thought, but the buoyant style

of the following lines meets with little objection from her modern Mexican critic:

To her who in triumph, the beautiful queen,  
Descends from the airs of the region serene;  
To her who illumines its vaguest confine  
With auroras of gold, and of pearl and carmine;  
To her whom a myriad of voices confessed  
The lady of angels, the queen of the blest:  
Whose tresses celestial are lightly outborne  
And goldenly float in the glory of morn,  
And waving and rising would seek to o'erwhelm  
Like the gulfs of the Tiber an ivory realm:  
From whose graces the sunlight may learn how  
to shine,  
And the stars of the night take a brilliance  
divine,  
We sing thee rejoicing while praises ascend,  
O sinless, O stainless! live, live without end.

The scarcity of the poems of Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz, even in her native land, is cause for wonder, but not if we first remark that still greater marvel—the long-continued discomposure of Mexican society. It is one hundred and seventy years since the parchment-bound book, from which we have drawn a number of facts in the life of the *Poetisa*, was published. Our impression of the rarity and age of her printed works, as derived from acquaintance with educated Mexicans in their own country, tempts us to doubt whether they have been issued in any complete shape during the present century. For a good portion of the extracts we have presented we are indebted to an intelligent and scholarly review prepared in Mexico, two years ago, by Don Francisco Prinental, the author of a number of books on the races and languages of Mexico. Outside of the monastic or rich private libraries of that country, it is doubtless a task of much difficulty to find the poems of Sor Juana. For this reason we are disposed to excuse the able American historian of Spanish literature for omitting everything in relation to her except the mere mention of her name as a lyrical writer. It is hoped, however, that this notice of her life and works, probably the first which has

appeared in the United States, will supply the omission of what should be a chief fact in any American notice of Spanish literature. The claim

which we make for Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz, as regards the literature of the New World, is not short of the very highest.

## DION AND THE SIBYLS.

A CLASSIC, CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

BY MILES GERALD KEON, COLONIAL SECRETARY, BERMUDA, AUTHOR OF  
"HARDING THE MONEY-SPINNER," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

AT the golden gate of the Temple courtyard, a Roman legionary soldier (detailed as body-servant to the General Paulus) met him. The soldier was leading a small, wiry Tauric (or really Tartar) horse. Paulus, twisting a lock of the animal's mane in his left hand, and taking up with the little finger thereof the loop of the bridle, sprang into the ephippia. The soldier smiled, as the still handsome and youthful-looking legatus settled himself on the back of his steed.

"Why are you smiling, my man?" quoth Paulus good-humoredly.

"It was like the spring I saw you take years ago at Formiæ, when I was a boy, upon the back of the horse Sejanus, which no man, my general, ever rode save you," replied the soldier.

"Ah!" said Paulus, smiling sadly; "were you there? I fear I am not so agile now. We are all passing away."

"Just as agile still, my general," returned the legionary, in a cordial tone; "but about twice as strong."

"Away! begone!" cried Paulus,

laughing; "I am growing old." And shaking the reins, he waved a salute to Longinus, turned his pony round, and rode away again into the valley westward, while the centurion entered the city by the golden gate, and repaired under the walls of the Temple to Fort Antonio, where he was detailed as officer of Pilate's guard that night.

Paulus, meanwhile, rode slowly on his way, between the Kedron Brook and the walls of Jerusalem, till he came to the Pool of Siloam. There, he turned south, galloped to a fort which was near, turned back again to his right, or northward, followed the valley of Hinnom at a walking pace, looking up at the white and dazzling buildings on Mount Zion.

As he slowly passed them, he speculated which could have been David's palace. He saw Herod's plainly enough. On his right he noticed the aqueduct from Solomon's Pool, and followed its course as far as the Tower of Hippicus northward. There he entered the city by the Gate of Gennath, and followed the valley of the Cheesemongers (or Tyropæon hollow) until he came to Ophal.

In the middle of a very narrow

street in this low and crowded quarter, where the Romans afterward under Titus were repulsed, he met a file of people, some mounted, some on foot, led by a richly-dressed, haughty-looking, burly man, riding a mule.

So narrow was the street that either Paulus would have had to go back as far as the Tower of Marianne, or the richly-dressed and haughty-looking man about one-quarter of the distance, to the bridge between the street of the Cheesemongers and the court of the Gentiles. Paulus, always full of courtesy, amenity, and sweetness, was in the very act of turning his small Tauric horse, when the burly man in rich dress, who led the opposing file, called out, "Back! low people! Back, and let Caiaphas go by!"

"And who is Caiaphas?" demanded Paulus, instantly facing round again and barring the way.

"The high-priest of Jerusalem," was the answer, thundered forth in rude and minatory tones.

"I respect," said Paulus, "and even revere that holy appellation; but he who uses it at this moment, for some present purpose, has flung against me, who am a Roman general, the mandate of *Back, low people*. Where are the low people? I do not believe that I am a low person. Where, then, are the low people?"

"Come on," cried the imperious voice of Caiaphas.

He himself, being the file leader, began then to move forward, till he came immediately in front of the traveller who had so courteously spoken to him.

"If you want," said Paulus, "to pass me at once, I must get into the ditch, or throw you into it; which do you prefer?"

"I prefer," quoth Caiaphas, "that

you should throw me into the ditch, if you either dare or can."

"Sir," says Paulus, "I am sorry for the sentiment you express, or at least imply. But I will stand up against your challenge of throwing you into the ditch, because I both could do it, and dare do it, as a Roman soldier, only that there is *ONE* among you who has come to settle all our disputes, and who has a divine right to do so. For his sake I would rather be thrown into that drain by you—soldier, officer, general, and Roman as I am—than throw you into it."

"Let me pass," cried Caiaphas, purple with rage.

Paulus, whose behavior at Lake Benacus against the Germans, and previously at Formiæ, and afterward in the terrible Calpurnian House on the Viminal Hill, the reader remembers, made no answer, but, riding back to the Tower of Marianne, allowed the high-priest and his followers there to pass him; which they did with every token of scorn and act of contumely that the brief and sudden circumstances allowed. Caiaphas thus passed on to his country-house at the south-west-by-south of Jerusalem, where he usually spent the night.

Paulus then put his pony into a gallop, and soon reached the bridge across the Tyropæon into the courtyard of the Temple, commonly called the courtyard of the Gentiles. Such was the nervous excitement caused by his recent act of purely voluntary, gratuitous, and deliberate self-humiliation, that he laughed aloud as he rode through the Temple yard, coasting the western "cloisters," and so reaching Fort Antonio.

There his servant, the Roman legionary, who had before met him at the golden gate, and whose name was Marcus, was awaiting him.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THAT night the palace of Herod the tetrarch resounded with music, and all the persons of rank or distinction in Jerusalem were among the guests. The entertainment would have been remembered for years on account of its brilliancy; it was destined to be remembered for all ages, even till the day of doom, on account of its catastrophe, chronicled in the books of God, and graven in the horror of men.

Paulus, unusually grave, because experiencing unwonted sensations, and anxious calmly to analyze them, was assailed for the first time in his life by a feeling of nervous irritability, which originated (though he knew it not) in his having suppressed the natural desire to chastise the insolence of Caiaphas that morning. He sat abstracted and silent, not far from the semi-royal chair of Herod the tetrarch. His magnificent dress, well-earned military fame, and manly and grave beauty (never seen to greater advantage than at that period of life, though the gloss of youth was past) had drawn toward him during the evening an unusual amount of attention, of which he was unconscious, and to which he would have been indifferent.

The "beauty of the evening," as she was called (for in those days they used terms like those which we moderns use, to express our infatuation for the gleams of prettiness which are quenched almost as soon as they are seen), had repeatedly endeavored to attract his attention. She was royal; she was an unrivalled dancer. Herod, who began to feel dull, begged her to favor the company with a dance, *sola*. Thereupon the daughter of Herodias looked at Paulus, to whom her previous blandishments had been addressed in vain

(he was well known to be unmarried), and heaved a fiery sigh. The mere noise of it ought to have awakened his notice, and yet failed to accomplish even that small result. Had it succeeded, he was exactly the person to have regarded this woman with a feeling akin to that which, some two-and-twenty years before, she herself (or was it Herodias? they age fast in the East) had waked in the bosom of his sister under the veranda in the bower of Crispus's inn, leading out of the fine old Latian garden near the banks of the Liris.

She proceeded to execute her *ballet*, her *pas seul*, her dance of immortal shame and fatal infamy. Cries of delight arose. The creature grew frantic. The court of Herod fell into two parties. One party proclaimed the performance a perfection of elegance and spirit. The other party said not a word, but glances of painful feeling passed among them. The clamorous eulogists formed the large majority. In the silent minority was numbered Paulus, who never in his life had felt such grave disgust or such settled indignation. He thought of his pure and innocent Esther—alas, *not* his! He thought that, had it been his sister Agatha who thus outraged every rudimentary principle of the tacit social compact, he could almost find it in his heart to relieve the earth of her.

Thus pondering, his glance fell upon Herod the tetrarch. The tetrarch seemed to have become delirious. He was laughing, and crying, and slobbering, and clapping his hands, and rolling his head, and rocking his body on the great state cushion under the canopy, where he "sat at table." While Paulus was contemplating him in wonder and shame, the wretched dancer came to an end of her bounds. Indecency, scientifically accidental, had been

the one simple principle of the exhibition. Herod called the practised female before him, and, in the hearing of several, bade her demand from him any reward she pleased, and declared upon oath that he would grant her demand. Paulus heard the answer. After consulting apart with her mother, she reapproached the tetrarch, and, with a flushed face, said that she desired the head of a prisoner upon a dish.

"What prisoner?"

"John," said she.

Paulus gazed at the miserable tetrarch, "the quarter of a king," not from the height of his rank as a Roman general, but from the still greater height which God had given him as one of the first, one of the earliest of European gentlemen. He knew not then who John was. But that any fellow-creature in prison, not otherwise to be put to death, should have his head hewn off and placed upon a dish, because a woman had tossed her limbs to and fro in a style which pleased a tetrarch while it disgraced human society, appeared to Paulus to be less than reasonable. What he had said, the tetrarch had said upon oath.

A little confusion, a slight murmuring and whispering ensued, but the courtly music soon recommenced. Paulus could not afterward tell how long it was before the most awful scene he had ever witnessed occurred.

A menial entered, bearing, on a large dish, a freshly-severed human head, bleeding at the neck.

"It was not a jest, then," said Paulus, in a low voice to his next neighbor, a very old man, whose face he remembered, but whose name he had all the evening been trying in vain to recall—"it was not a base jest, dictated by the hideous taste of worse than barbarians!"

"Truly," replied the aged man,

"these Jews are worse than any barbarians I ever saw, and I have seen most of them."

Paulus recognized at these words the geographer Strabo, formerly his companion at the court of Augustus.

At a sign from Herod, the menial carrying the dish now approached the daughter of Herodias, and presented to her the bleeding and sacred head. She, in turn, took the dish and offered it to Herodias, who herself bore it out of the room with a kind of snorting laugh.

Paulus rose slowly and deliberately from his place near the tetrarch, at whom he steadily looked.

"This, then," said he, "is the entertainment to which you have invited a Roman legatus. You are vexed, people say, that Pilate, the Roman governor of this city, could not honor your birthday by his presence in your palace. Pilate's local authority is of course greater than mine, for I have none at all; but his real, permanent rank, and your own real, permanent importance, are contemptible by the side of those which a Roman soldier of such a family as the Æmilian has gained on the field of battle; and it was a high honor to yourself to succeed in bringing me hither. And now, while disgracing your own house, you have insulted your guests. What is the name of the man you have murdered because a woman dances like a goat? What is his name?"

The tetrarch, astonished and overawed, replied with a bewildered look:

"What authority to rebuke me, because I took my brother's wife, had John?"

"John who?" asked Paulus, who from the outset had been struck by the name.

"He who was styled John the Baptist," said the tetrarch.

The words of another John rang

in Paulus's memory ; and he exclaimed :

"What! John the Baptist? John the Baptist, yea, and more than a prophet—John the Angel of God! Is this he whom you have slain?"

"What had he to say to my marriage?" answered Herod, through whose purple face a livid under-color was penetrating to the surface.

"Why," exclaimed Paulus, "the holy books of your own nation forbade such a marriage, and John could not hear of it without rebuking you. I, although a Gentile, honor those books. Out upon you, impious assassin! I ask not, where was your mercy, or where your justice; but where has been your sense of common decency, this evening? I shall never cease to lament that I once stood under your roof. My presence was meant as an honor to you; but it has proved a disgrace to myself."

Taking his scarlet cloak, he flung it over his shoulders, and left the hall amid profound silence—a silence which continued after he had quitted the courtyard, and begun to descend from Mount Zion to the labyrinth of streets branching downward to the Tyropæon Valley. In one of these, under a bright moonlight, he met again that same beautiful youth whom he had seen in the morning when he was descending the Mount of Olives.

"Stay!" cried Paulus, suddenly stopping in his own rapid walk. "Said you not, this morning, that he who was called 'John the Baptist' was more than a prophet? Herod has this moment slain him, to please a vile woman. The tyrant has sent the holy prophet out of life."

"Nay; into life," replied the other John; "but, brave and noble Roman—for I see you are both—the Master, who knows all things, and rejoices that John has begun to live, grieves as well."

"Why grieves?" inquired Paulus, musing.

"Because," replied the other John, "the Master is verily man, no less than *He is Who is*."

"What, then, is he?" asked Paulus, with a look of awe.

"He is the Christ, whom John the Prophet, now a witness unto death, had announced."

Hereupon the two went their several ways, Paulus muttering: "*The second name in the acrostic*."

But, really, he had ceased to care for minor coincidences in a huge mass of convergent proofs all gaining possession of his soul, and taking alike his will and his understanding captive—captive to the irresistible truth and the equally irresistible beauty of the message which had come. The immortality of which he was an heir, the reader has seen him long since believing; and long since also rejecting both the pantheism of the philosophers and the polytheism of the vulgar. And here was a great new doctrine authoritatively establishing all that the genius of Dionysius had guessed, and infinitely more; truths awful and mysterious, which offered immediate peace to that stupendous universe that is within a man, while assuring him of power, joy, and honor to begin some day, and nevermore to end.

He had not been in Jerusalem long before he learnt much of the new teaching. He had secured for his mother, close to the Fortress Antonio, where he himself lodged, a small house belonging to a widow who, since her husband's death, had fallen into comparative poverty. The Lady Aglais, attended still by her old freedwoman, Melena, was allowed the best and coolest part of this house entirely to herself, with a staircase of their own leading to the flat roof. There they passed much of

their evenings after the sun had set, looking at the thickly-built opposite hills, the mansions on Zion, or down into the Tyropæon from which the hum of a great multitude came, mellowed by the distance, and disposing the mind to contemplation. Many wonderful things, from time to time, they heard of him who was now teaching—things some of which, nay, the greater part of which, as one of the sacred writers expressly declares, never were recorded, and the whole of which could not be contained in the libraries of the world. It may well, then, be imagined in what a situation Paulus and his mother were—having no interest in disbelieving, no chair of Moses to abdicate, no doctorial authority or pharisaic prestige inciting them to impugn the known truth—in what a situation they were, for accepting or declining what was then offered.

After twenty years of separation, a trace of Esther had been recovered by Paulus. One evening, his mother was on the flat roof of her residence awaiting his customary visit, when her son appeared and alarmed her by his pallor. He had seen Esther on foot in a group of women at the Gate of Gennath, going forth into the country, as he was entering the city on horseback. Aglais smiled sadly, saying: "Alas! dear son, is that all? I long since knew that she still lived; but I would not disturb your mind by the useless intelligence."

"Scarcely altered," murmured Paulus abstractedly, "while I am quite old. Yes, she must now be past thirty; yes, near thirty-five."

"As to that," said the mother, "you are thirty-eight, and scarcely seem twenty-nine. Old Rebecca, the mistress of this house, who lives still in the ground-story, as you are aware, has told me much about Esther."

"She is married, I suppose," said Paulus, with a look of anxiety.

"No," replied Aglais. "She has had innumerable offers (spite of her comparative poverty), and has declined them all."

"But what boots it?" exclaimed Paulus.

"Old Josiah Maccabeus is dead," said Aglais. And here mother and son dropped the subject by mutual consent.

The dreadful days, closed by the most awful day the world has known—closed by the ever-memorable and tremendous Friday—came and went. On the Saturday, Paulus met Longinus, who said he had been on Mount Calvary that afternoon, and that he, Longinus, was now and ever henceforth a disciple of him who had been crucified. The Sunday came, and brought with it a prodigious rumor, which, instead of dying out, found additional believers every day. The disciples, most of whom had shown themselves as timid as they were known to be ignorant, now seemed transformed into new characters, who loudly affirmed that their Master had risen from the dead by his own power; and they were ready to face every torment and all terrors calmly in the maintenance of this fact, which they predicted would be received and acknowledged by the whole world. And, indeed, it was no longer a rumor, but a truth, attested by the only witnesses who could by possibility know anything about it, either for or against; and whose earthly interests it would have been to deny it, even while they knew it to be true—witnesses who, if they knew it to be false—and they certainly knew whether it were true or false (this much was granted, *and is still granted*, by all their opponents)—could have had no motive, either earthly or unearthly, for feigning that they believed it.



So pregnant is this simple reasoning, that a man might ponder it and study it for a whole month, and yet find fresh strength and an ever-increasing weight in the considerations which it suggests; not even find a flaw if he made the one month twelve. Paulus's mind was determined, and so was his mother's. The son sought that same beautiful youth whom he had seen twice before; told him the new desire, the new belief, which had made his mother's and his own heart glad; and by him they were baptized as Christians, disciples of him that had been crucified—by that fair youth, I say, who was to be known for ever among men as "Saint John the Evangelist."

"After all, mother," said Paulus, when they were returning together to her dwelling, "it is not so very mysterious; I mean that difficulty about the lowliness of our divine Teacher's chosen place among men. Because, see you, if the builder of those glorious stars and that sublime firmament was to come at all amongst us, he would be certain to take the lowest and smallest lot, lest we should deem there was any difference as before him. We are all low and small together—the earth itself, I am told, being but a sort of Bethlehem among the stars; but, anyhow, we are but mites and emmets on a blade of grass in his sight, and had he taken a great relative place amidst us, it might countenance the lie and the delusion of our silly pride. That part of it is to me not so mysterious, although I don't wonder at the Jewish notion that their Messiah was to have been a great conquering prince—that is probably what the Antichrist will be. It would suit the blindness of vanity better."

As he spoke the words, they heard

a quick footstep behind, and were overtaken by Longinus, who, saying he had just heard of their reception, greeted them with every demonstration of rapturous affection.

"Now," pursued he, walking by their side, "good for evil to Master Paulus's family. Forgive the apparent intrusion, dear general, if I mention that I happen to know the story of your youthful love, as all the world have witnessed your fidelity to an un-availing attachment. But learn from poor Longinus that Esther Maccabeus is now a disciple; and the Christian maiden can wed, under a still holier law, the brave Gentile whom the Jewess was bound to refuse."

With this he turned into an alley under the court of the Gentiles, and disappeared.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

ONE still and sultry evening, the decline of a brooding day in spring, two persons were sitting on the flat roof of a house in Jerusalem. They were the Athenian Lady Aglais and her son, the comparatively youthful Roman General Paulus—he who has so largely figured, even from his gallant boyhood, in the events and affairs we have been recording.

It was the 30th of March, and a Wednesday—the first of all Easter-Wednesdays—the first in that new and perpetual calendar by which, throughout the fairest regions of earth, among all enlightened nations and civilized races, till the crash of doom, time was for evermore to be measured.

A servant, carrying a skin-cask slung over his shoulders, was watering the flowers, faint with thirst; and these, arranged in fanciful vases, which made an artificial garden of the housetop, shook their drooping

heads under the fresh and grateful shower, and seemed to answer it with smiles of a thousand blooms and rays. As the man stole softly to and fro about the roof, now approaching the lady and her son, now receding, he seemed, in spite of the foreign language in which they spoke, and in spite of the low and hushed tone they observed, to follow, with intense and breathless though stealthy excitement, the tenor of their conversation; while his figure, in the last evening rays, cast a long, shifting shadow that streaked with black the yellow flood to its farthest limit, climbed the parapet, broke upon its grail-work of balusters, and then was beheaded, for it flung off its head out of sight into empty space, leaving the calm bright air unblotted above the stone guard-wall.

An occurrence took place of which (that Wednesday evening) Paulus and his mother were witnesses—an occurrence in dumb show, the significance of which they were destined, only after several years, to learn; yet the incident was so singular, so strange, so impressive—it was such a picture in such a quarter—that when, long subsequently, the explanation came, they seemed to be still actually assisting in person at the scene which, while they beheld it, they had no means of understanding. We are going, in one moment, to relate that occurrence; and we must here request the reader to grant us his full belief and his confidence when we remark that, in comparison of his amusement, his profit, and that mental gallery of pictures to be his henceforth (which we try to give to all who honor these pages with a perusal), we feel the sincerest contempt for any mere display of scholarship or learning. For this reason, and this reason alone, and certainly from no scantiness, and still less from any

lack of authorities, we shall almost disencumber our narrative of references to the ancient writers, and recondite documents (such as the *Astronomic Formula of Philip Aridaeus*) which establish as positive historical facts the more striking of the occurrences still to be mentioned. In one instance the intelligent reader will discern that the most sacred of all evidence supports what we have to record. But if we were to show with what nicety of precision much profane, yet respectable and even venerable, testimony accords with the passage here meant in the Acts of the Apostles, and how abundantly such testimony corroborates and supplements the inspired account, this book would cease to be what it aims at being, and would become a historical treatise of the German criticism school.\*

Satisfied, therefore, with the footnotes below (at which the reader will oblige us by just glancing, and which are appended, in perfect good faith and simple honesty, as implying no more than we could make good), we will avoid boring those who have a right to, and who expect, the conclusion of a straightforward story at our hands.†

\* If any one should feel astonished at our insisting not only upon the exact day, but the very hour, when certain things occurred, let him or her remember that the calculation of eclipses, passing backward from one to another (as though ascending the steps of a staircase), reaches and fixes the date—yes, the precise minute of day—when incidents took place between which and us the broad haze of twice a thousand years is interposed.

† For the rest, in support of the matters we have too briefly to recount, we could burden these pages with voluminous, and some of them most interesting and beautiful, extracts from both heathen and Christian works of classic fame and standard authority; with passages of direct and indirect evidence from Josephus, Phlegon, Plutarch, Saint Dionysius (our own true hero, the Areopagite of Greece, the St. Denis of France) [*ad Apollonophanem*, epis. xi., and *ad Polycarpum Antistidem*, vii.]; Tertullian (*Cont. Jud.*, c. 8); St. Augustine (*Civ. Dei*, lib. 14); St. Chrysostom (*Hom. de Joanne Baptista*); the Bollandists, Baronius, Eusebius, Tillemont, Huet, and a host of others. . . But our statements will not need such

Paulus and his mother were conversing, as has been described, in Greek, while the serving-man, despite his ignorance of that language, had the air of half-following the drift of what they said, and of catching the main purport of it with wonder and awe. There was, indeed, at that moment, only one topic in all Jerusalem. He who, less than a week ago, had been crucified, and with the time of whose coming (as much as with all the particulars of his life, teaching, works, and death) the old prophecies were found more and more startlingly, circumstantially, unmistakably, the more they were studied, questioned, and canvassed, to agree, point by point, down to what would seem even trivial details (indicated as if merely to emphasize the incommunicable identity of the Messiah)—he had himself stated, distinctly and publicly, that, by his own power, he would rise from the dead in three days; that, in three days after, he should be “lifted up” and be made “a spectacle for men and angels;” in three days after they should have destroyed it, he would rebuild the holy temple of his body. And now these rumors—these minute, these positive accounts—had he, then, really reappeared, according to his word and promise? Was it possible? Was it the fact?

Many had, on the previous Friday night, stated that, of a verity, they had seen their deceased parents and relatives. Again, on the Saturday, many declared, amid awe-stricken groups of listeners, that the unknown land had sent them its visitants, in various places, under various aspects, to startle the guilty city; which, after

killing the King’s messenger-servants, had just killed the King’s Son, who had come, as had been a thousand times announced, in the very fulness, the exact maturity of days, to deliver the final embassy to men.

On that Wednesday evening, there was, in truth, but one theme of conversation, one subject of thought, all through Jerusalem, and already far beyond Jerusalem; among poor and rich, high and low, natives and strangers, the robbers of the Syrian hills and Arabian deserts, the dwellers in the city, the travellers on the roads and at the inns, among Sadducees, Pharisees, Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, and barbarians.

No wonder, then, if the humble serving-man, as he watered the flowers, penetrated the drift of the mother’s and the son’s discussion. For him and such as he was the message. The poor Syrian had once, for a while, rendered occasional out-door service to the family of Lazarus; and he had known Lazarus in three states—had known him living, dead, again alive. After days of death in that fierce climate, where inanimate flesh putrefies fast, he had beheld Lazarus, at the call of one upon whose lineaments he gazed, at the time, with unconscious adoration, come forth, not merely from death, but from incipient decomposition, back into balmy life—back to the “*vita serena*.”

Now, was he who, in that instance, had allowed it to be perceived and felt that he was really the Lord of life, whom death and rottenness were manifestly unable to disobey—was he himself, as his disciples declared he was, living again among them, since the morning of the last Sunday (the *feria prima*), according to his own public prediction and distinct promise? Was he not? Was he?

Aglaïs and Paulus had heard more than one circumstantial account of

detailed “stabilisation,” because the facts, being notorious among scholars, will be impugned by no really educated man or thoroughly competent critic.

this, his reappearance, according to that, his promise. By this one and by the other he had been met. They had gazed upon him, spoken to him, heard him in reply, touched him, in such a place, on that bridge, that road, in such a garden. He had walked conversing with them, had sat with them at meat, had broken bread with them, as was his wont, had then vanished.

Where was his body, over which the Pharisees had set their guard of soldiers? Not in the grave. No; but where? Had the Pharisees accounted for it? Could they tell what had become of it? Could the soldiers? The disciples could, and they did.

"Mother," said Paulus, "do you know what those soldiers say? One of them once served in a legion which I commanded. Do you know what they say?"

"You mean," replied Aglais, "about their inability to hinder the abstraction. What?"

"That an act to which they are the only witnesses could not be stopped by them, because of it they were not witnesses, being buried in sleep."

"Consistent," said the Greek lady. "Yes; but a much weightier fact is that expectation of the disciples, to prevent the realization of which the Pharisees set their guard."

"What expectation? And why weightier? What can be weightier?" asked the general.

"That their Master would keep his word, and fulfil his prediction of rising from the tomb on the third day. If they saw him again alive within the promised time, they and the people would worship him as God; but, if the Pharisees could show the body on the third day, or could even account for it, that belief would die."

"Clearly," answered Paulus, "the

disciples expected to see him again on and after the third day, waiting for his word to be fulfilled."

"Now, Paulus," pursued Aglais, "suppose this expectation of theirs not fulfilled; suppose that not one of those waiting for his word was conscious of any reason for believing it to have been realized—"

Paulus interrupted his mother.

"There is only one possible way in which they could be induced to believe it realized—namely, that he should be seen again alive."

"Quite so," she resumed. "But suppose that he has not been seen; suppose that not one of those who expected to see him again has thus seen him. How would they then feel on this Wednesday morning?"

"They would feel that the expectation which he had solemnly and publicly authorized them to depend upon was idle and vain; they would not and could not by any possibility feel that they had, in this great particular, reason to consider his word to have been kept. They would be discouraged to the very last degree. They would, of course, hide themselves. I would do so myself, and I believe I am no coward. In short, they would feel no reason to hope in his protection, or to expect that his other and still mightier promises concerning their own future eternal life would by him be realized. They would not incur any inconvenience, or brave any danger, or take any trouble, or risk any loss—"

It was Aglais's turn to interrupt.

"Now, is this their attitude?" she inquired.

"The reverse, the opposite, the contradictory of their attitude."

The lady continued in a low tone: "If, expecting, upon his own assurance, that some among them should see him," she asked, "not one of them had seen him, would they, at

this moment, have any motive for bringing upon themselves the tortures, insults, shame, and death which he underwent, and all this in order to induce others to believe apparitions and a resurrection which in their own hearts they did not themselves believe, and for believing which they were, moreover, conscious that they possessed no ground, no reason, no pretext?"

A sweet, ringing, vibrant voice at their side here said :

"And in order by deliberate circumstantial lying, of an awful and blasphemous kind, to please the God of truth; and to compensate themselves by his protection above, in a future life, for the present and immediate destruction which they are incurring among the Pharisees and the men of power here below!"

Looking round, they beheld Esther of the Maccabees.

Never had she seemed to Paulus so beautiful; but there was a marked change; for, however intellectual had always been the translucent purity of that oval brow, through which, as through a lamp of alabaster, shone the vivid mind within, there was now the mysterious effluence of "that Essence increate" who had come to abide in, and had strangely transfigured the appearance of, the faithful-souled Hebrew maiden. And when Paulus, after she had embraced his mother, abstractedly took her hand, his heart was lifted upward with a species of wonder; and, without adverting to it, he was asking himself to what marvellous kingdom she had become heiress, in what supernal court of everlasting joy and unsailable prerogatives was this beautiful creature destined to live, loving and beloved, adorning almost the glories which she reflected, dispensed, and multiplied, as if from some holy, mysterious, and spiritual mirror.

"O dear Lady Aglais! and O legatus!" she said, with a gesture amazing in its expressiveness and pathetic fervor (she had brought the finger-tips of both hands together under the chin, and then lowered them with the palms outward toward her hearers, and so she stood in an attitude of the utmost grace and dignity combined, like one appealing to the candor and good faith of others)—

"O dear friends! I was just now passing through my own garden on my way hither, when, under the fig-tree (where he used to sit poring over the holy books of our people), I beheld my dead father, but standing, and not in his old accustomed wicker-chair; and he gazed upon me with large, earnest eyes; and as he stood, his head almost touched the leaves of that hollow, embowering fig-tree; and he was pale, so extremely pale as he was never during life; and he called me: 'Esther,' he said, and his voice sounded far away. Ah! my God, from what a huge distance it seemed to come! And lo! lady, and thou, legatus, he said these words to me: 'I have been in the vast, dim house, and have seen our Father Abraham; and I have seen our great Lawgiver, and all our prophets, excepting only two, Elias and Enoch; and I asked, Where were they? And in all the dim, vast house none answered me, but the forefinger was pressed to the silent lips of those who there waited. And, suddenly, there was the noise of innumerable armies coming swiftly from afar—but your ears are mortal and your eyes veiled, and were I even permitted to tell you that which shook, beyond this little world, the large world and its eternal thrones, your mind would not at present understand my words. Enough, Esther, that I have been allowed to renew to you, in my own behalf, and that of others among our

people who have been called before you to the vast, dim, silent city, the exhortation which our ancestor Judas Maccabeus sent with offerings to the high-priest; namely, that you will pray for our spirits. Our innumerable company has just been thinned; the glorious Judas Maccabeus, our ancestor, and that holy mother of the Maccabees, and almost all who were waiting with me in the dim, vast kingdom of expectation, have gone for ever; and I, and a few, have been commanded to expect yet a little time; until the incense of holy prayer shall have further gone up in the presence of the Great White Throne.'"

Esther paused, her eyes dilated, and stood a moment with the hands again brought together; and so perfect a figure of truthfulness, and such an impersonation of sincerity, she looked, that the Jewish servant, who understood not a word of the tongue in which she addressed the Greek lady and her son, gazed at her; his work suspended, his cask held high in air, with all the marks of one who heard and accepted some sacred and unquestionable revelation.

"Go on, dear child," said Aglais. "What passed further?"

"I asked the pale image what this meant, that he should term the condition in which he is waiting and has yet to wait a little time—that vast, dim condition—'a house,' 'a city,' and 'a kingdom.' 'The dwellers,' he replied, 'are watched in that kingdom by silent protectors, mighty and beautiful, whose faces, full of a severe, sad love, are the torches and the only light those dwellers ever see; and the vast, dim city has a sunless and a starless sky for its roof, under which they wait; and that sky is the ceiling which echoes the sighs of their pain; and thus to them it has been a kingdom, and a city, and

a house; and, until the ninth hour of last Friday, they were numerous as the nations of men!' 'And at the ninth hour of that day, I asked, 'O my father! what occurred when so many departed, and you and a small number were left still to wait?' And he gazed at me for an instant with a wan and wistful look; then, lo! I saw nothing where he had been standing under the fig-tree.

"But it was at the ninth hour of the last Friday the Master had expired by the side of the penitent who was that very day to be with him in paradise!" cried Aglais.

At Esther's arrival, Paulus and Aglais had both risen from a kind of semicircular wicker settle which occupied one of the corners of the roof; and they now, all three, when Esther had finished her strange, brief narrative, leaned silent and musing against the parapet; where, under the shade of a clustering rhododendron, they had a view westward (drawn, as people are who ponder, toward whatever object is most luminous) of the towers and palaces and pinnacles of the Holy City, then reddening in the sunset. One word respecting the spot where the little group was thus collected, and (among modern, and especially western, nations) concerning its peculiar scenic effects.

The roof was an irregular parallelogram, protected on all sides by a low, thick parapet, at two opposite corners of which, in the diagonals, were two doors of masonry, bolted with massive round bars of iron, or left open; thus excluding or admitting communication with the contiguous houses. The writer, many years ago, saw such parapet doors on the house-tops of modern Algiers; nor was the arrangement unknown in the more famous Eastern cities of antiquity, where the roofs glowed with plants

in vases. When, on some public occasion, the passages were opened, the richer inhabitants, far above the noise, dust, squalor, sultriness, and comparative darkness of the narrow and noisome streets, could stroll and lounge for miles, in mid-air, among flowers; could cross even flying and embowered bridges (of which a privileged number possessed the keys, like those who have keys to the gardens of our squares); and so Dives, unseen of Lazarus, but seeing far down all things little and supine, could wander through parterres of bloom, and perfumed alleys, and shrubberies of enchantment, with effects of sunlight sprinkled, so to speak, with coolness and with shadows, soothed out of the noon-day fierceness into tints various and tender; unsoiled of the stains and pains that stained and pained the poor sordid world below; until the hearts of those who thus promenaded amid circumstances of such delicious refinement and luxury, bearing and hearing news, and exchanging civilities, were "lifted up," and became even like to the heart of Nabuchodonosor the king. Sometimes the pecten-beaten dulcimer, or the fingered lyre of six strings, made long-forgotten airs of music beguile the declining day, and linger for hours longer, ravishing the night under the stars of the Syrian sky. Such the scene.

But none of the roof-doors were open that Wednesday evening. Something ailed the Holy City. Out of the hushed heavens, mysteries and a stern doom were brooding over Jerusalem. Already the fermenting germ of those dreadful factions which were to tear to pieces, with intestine rage, the whole Jewish body, while the city was writhing in the vain death struggle against Titus, a few years later, had begun to make it-

self sensible to the observant. A fierce hatred of the Romans and an insane eagerness to re-establish the old Jewish independence had taken possession of certain youthful fanatics; and "possessed" indeed they seemed. On the one side, the Roman officers of the garrison, from Pilate down, had received anonymous warnings, in the wildest style, requiring them to withdraw from Jerusalem within a given time, or they should be all executed in the streets, as opportunity might occur; on the other, the prefect of Syria had been earnestly requested by Pilate to strengthen the garrison; while in the city itself the soldiers were strictly admonished to keep to their quarters, to avoid late hours, and to hold no intercourse when off duty with the inhabitants. Leaves of absence were stopped. A few legionaries had been already murdered in the neighborhood of wine-shops, in the small winding alleys, and in places of evil repute, and no efforts succeeded in identifying the perpetrators.

But these were only the feeble and evanescent symptoms, destined to disappear and reappear, of a political and social phase which was not to become the predominant situation until another situation should have exhausted its first fury. This, the first, was to be the war of the Synagogue against the disciples of the Messiah, whom those disciples went about declaring to have risen from the tomb, according to his distinct promise; whom they went about declaring to have been already seen, and heard, and touched by themselves, again and again.

No wonder, then, if Aglais and Paulus and Esther had discussed in hushed tones and in Greek the wonders and various portents attendant upon the supreme and central fact—that Resurrection of the Mas-

ter which absorbed their whole hearts and minds, leaving no room for any other interest therein at this tremendous epoch—the grand turning-point of human destinies and of our whole planet's history.

From the parapet against which they were leaning, they now gazed in silence upon the splendid scenes below and opposite. Across a maze of narrow streets they saw the mansions, the pinnacles, the towers, and that great supernal "Temple of God," all so soon to perish violently, in a general, a complete, and an irreversible destruction. They saw the play of light and shadow upon one long tree-lined side of Herod's proud palace; they saw the ripple of quivering leaves reflected upon the white colonnades (and their tessellated, shady floors) of Pilate's fatal house; and, while revolving thoughts and questions of unspeakable importance and solemnity, they all three suddenly beheld an acted picture, a passing scene, voiceless to them, yet impressive, which blent itself into their recollection of other scenes, never to be effaced from the memory of mankind, which, not a week before, had been under those very colonnades enacted.

A woman in the attire of a Roman matron came quickly forth upon the first-story balcony in the house of Pontius Pilate, and, leaning over the rail, waved her hand with an imperative gesture to some one below.

She was followed into the balcony more slowly by a man wearing the grand costume of an ancient Roman military governor, who held in his hand a sealed and folded letter, tied with the usual silk string. The man was evidently Pilate himself. He looked long and gloomily at the letter, and seemed to be plunged in thought. He even let what he carried fall at his feet, and did not ap-

pear to be aware of this for some moments. It was the woman who picked up the letter, and gave it back into his hand. Then Pilate leaned over the balustrade, in his turn, and spoke to a man below in military costume, who was mounted on a powerful horse, and seemed to be equipped for travel. The soldier saluted, looking up, when he was addressed, and saluted again when his superior had ceased speaking; whereupon Pilate dropped the letter (a large and heavy dispatch), which the soldier caught and secured under his belt, inside the tunic, or "sagum," immediately afterward riding away at a canter. Our three friends saw Pilate, his head bent and his eyes on the ground, slowly and ponderingly re-enter the house by a screen-door, the same through which he had come out upon the balcony; but the lady, clasping her hands a little in front of her forehead, gazed into the heavens with a face ashy pale, and with eyes from which tears were streaming.

It is a well-known and for centuries universally received tradition, besides being a fact recorded by one most respectable and trustworthy author (who, besides, was not a Christian, but a Jew)—a fact without which the allusions to it in various ancient authorities, together with Phlegon the Chronologer's subsequent recital of Tiberius's extraordinary conduct, would be unintelligible and unaccountable—that Pontius Pilate, harassed by the unappeasable reproaches of his wife, and stung by something within his own bosom which allowed him peace no more, until (sleepless, and unable again, unable for ever, to sleep) he bequeathed, some years afterward, by an awful death, whether intentional or not, his name to a great Alpine hill, a hill not thenceforth named, or to be named, while time and moun-



tains last, by any name but "Pilate's" among distant and then barbarous nations—it is well known, I say, that Pilate sent to Tiberius Cæsar a long and minute relation concerning the life, the death, and the disappearance from the tomb of him whom he had scourged, and whom the Jews had crucified, together with a notice of the supernatural wonders wrought by him; his previous notorious announcement of his own intended resurrection; the directly consequent and equally notorious precautions taken to hinder it; the disappearance, in spite of this, of the body; the testimony of the soldiers that they were witnesses to the abstraction, which they were unable to stop, because they alleged that they were not witnesses of it (being buried in sleep); that, in fact, their testimony proved nothing save the body's disappearance from the massively-sealed tomb (which would have stood a small siege); the failure of the Synagogue to account for the body; the account of it by the disciples; and, finally, the admissions of the Pharisees that all their prophets had become unexplainable if this was not their Messiah, yet that such a conclusion was to them impossible, because he was to have been their king, and a conquering king, and to have founded an empire extending through all nations and tongues; their stern and ever-growing disaffection to the Roman rule; the universal amazement, excitement, and anxiety arising from the circumstance that, while neither the Synagogue nor the soldiers could throw any light upon what had become of the body, the disciples of him who had predicted his own resurrection explained the event openly and fearlessly by stating that they had again and again met him since the previous *feria prima*; that they cared for no protection except his

alone; that the dead was once more among them—living, and henceforth immortal—their Master and God; the ultimate Judge of this world, and the foretold Founder of an everlasting kingdom! Pilate added several strange and astounding particulars.

This, in a general way, is known; and it is likewise known that Tiberius Cæsar was so deeply impressed by the dispatch of the Jerusalem governor, arriving in his hands about the same moment, as we shall find in the next chapter, when a strange incident (*narrated by Plutarch*) took place, that he suddenly convened the senate in a formal indiction, and *proposed to them to raise a temple to Christ, and to rank him solemnly among the gods of the empire!* But not such nor of such acknowledgments was to be the kingdom of the "jealous" and the only God.

Aglais, Paulus, and Esther had assisted at a memorable pantomime. They had beheld the mounted soldier who rode with a memorable letter to the sea-coast; they had seen the vain effort of him who had offered the people a choice between Barabas and "the desired of nations," to call the great of the earth into his perplexities, to quiet his awakened conscience, to turn aside from the dread warnings whispered to his soul, to lull—by futile means—an all too late remorse.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

IN our last chapter, Paulus and his Athenian mother had obtained, through Esther's recital of her waking dream or vision, one little glimpse at that prison, that place of detention, which she had termed (as she herself had heard it termed) "the dim, vast house," "the vast, dim city," and the "dim, vast kingdom."

The vague notion she could give

of that scene of immurement cannot be expected to prove interesting to so large a number, as Mr. Pickwick has cause to feel an interest in his glimpses of the "Fleet Prison," once famous in London. But such interest as the former house of detention commands is of a different kind, and those who may experience it are a different class. Plato (as a great critic observes) has been translated from age to age into some dozen great modern languages, in order that he might be read by about a score of persons in each generation. But that score are the little fountains of the large rivers that bear to the sea the business of the world. Few are directly taught by Kant, Sir William Hamilton, John Stuart Mill, Cousin, or Balmez; but the millions are taught and think through those whom *they* have taught to think. Between the good and evil originators or conservators of ideas, and the huge masses who do all their mental processes at third hand, stand the interpreters; and these listen with bent heads, while they hold trumpets which are heard at the extremities of the earth.

Paulus lingered in Jerusalem. Weeks flew by. Spring passed into summer; summer was passing into autumn; and still, from time to time, as, in the evenings, mother and son sat among the flowers on the flat roof, Esther would join them.

One night, she had hardly appeared, when Longinus the centurion followed her, bearing a letter for Paulus, which, he said, had just arrived at Fort Antonio, by the hands of an orderly, from the governor. The letter was from Dionysius of Athens, now *l'un des quarante*, a member of that great Areopagus of which the French Academy is partly a modern image; and it was written immediately after his return from a tour in

Egypt, and a cruise through the Ægean Sea, among the famous and beautiful Greek Islands, to resume his duties as a teacher of philosophy and a professor of the higher literature at Athens.

Paulus, after a word with his mother and Esther, desired Longinus to favor them with his company. Sherbets and other refreshments were brought. They all sat down on the semicircular wicker settle at the corner of the roof, under the bower-like branches of the large rhododendron; a small lamp was held for Paulus by the Jewish serving-man, and Paulus read the letter aloud to that sympathetic group. Extracts we will give, in the substance, concerning two occurrences. The first, as the reader sees, the listening circle learned from Dionysius; but *we* have it in reality from Plutarch, upon whose narrative Eusebius and many other weighty authorities and grave historians have commented.

The captain and owner (for he was both) of the vessel in which Dion sailed back from Egypt to Athens was an Egyptian of the name of Thramnus (some call him Thamus). He said that a very weird thing had happened to him in his immediately previous trip, which had been from Greece to Italy. Dion was at the time at Heliopolis, in Egypt, with his friend, the celebrated philosopher Apollophanes, who, though (like Dion himself) only between twenty and thirty, had already (in this also resembling Dion) obtained an almost world-wide fame for eloquence, astronomical science, and general learning. When Thramnus had neared the Echinades Islands, the wind fell, a sudden calm came, and they had to drop anchor near Paxos. The night was sultry; every one was on deck. Suddenly, from the lonely shore, a loud, strange

voice hailed the captain: "Thramnus!" it cried. None answered. Again, louder than human, came the cry, "Thramnus!" Still none answered. For the third time, "Thramnus!" was thundered from the lonely coast. Then Thramnus himself called out: "Who hails? What is it?" Shrill and far louder than before was the voice in reply: "When you reach the Lagoon of Palus, announce then that the Great Pan is dead."

Thereupon, everything became silent, save the sluggish wash of the waves under the vessel's side. A sort of council was at once held on board; and first they took a note of the exact date and the hour. They found that it was exactly the ninth hour of the sixth *jeria*, or day, in the month of March, in the fourth year (according with Phlegon's corrected and checked astronomical chronology) of the two hundred and second Olympiad: in other words, this, being translated into modern reckoning, means, six in the afternoon of Friday, the 25th of March, in the thirty-third year of our Lord.

Dion breaks off in his letter here to remark: "You will learn presently what happened to me and to Apollophanes, and to the whole renowned city of Heliopolis, at the same hour exactly of that same day; and it is the coincidence between the two occurrences which has fixed them so deeply in my mind."

Well; he proceeds to say that Thramnus, having asked his passengers, who happened to be unusually numerous, whether they considered he ought to obey this mysterious mandate, and having suggested himself that, if, on their reaching Palus, or Pelodes, the wind held fair, they should not lose time by stopping, but if the wind were there to fail, and they were forced to halt at that place, then it might be no harm to pay at-

tention to the injunction, and *see* what came of it, they were all unanimously of his opinion. Thereupon, as though by some design, in the midst of a calm the breeze sprang up freshly again, and they proceeded on their way. When they came to the indicated spot, all were again on deck, unable to forget the strange incident at Paxos; and, on a sudden, the wind fell, and they were becalmed.

Thramnus, accordingly, after a pause, leaned over the ship's side, and, as loudly as he could, shouted that *the great Pan was dead*. No sooner had the words been pronounced than all round the vessel were heard a world of sighs issuing from the deep and in the air, with groans, and moanings, and long, wild, bitter wailings innumerable, as though from vast unseen multitudes and a host of creatures plunged in dismay and despair. Those on board were stricken with amazement and terror. When they arrived in Rome, and were recounting the adventures of their voyage, this wild story sent its rumor far and near, and made such an impression that it reached the ears of Tiberius Cæsar, who was then in the capital. He sent for Thramnus and several of the passengers, as Plutarch records for us, particularly one, Epitherses, who afterward, at Athens, with his son Æmilianus, and the traveller Philip, used often to tell the story till his death. Tiberius, after ascertaining the facts, summoned all the learned men who chanced then to be in Rome, and requested their opinion.

Their opinion, which is extant, matters little. The holy fathers who have investigated this occurrence are divided in their views. It must be remembered that Plutarch relates another truly wonderful fact universal in its range, as being notoriously simultaneous with the singular local adven-

ture above described—the sudden silence of Delphi, and all the other famous pagan oracles, from the 8th day before the Kalends of April, in the 202d Olympiad, at six P.M. At that hour, on that day (March 25, Friday, Anno Domini 33), those oracles were stricken dumb, and nevermore returned answers to their votaries. Coupling these phenomena together, in presence of a thousand other portents, the holy fathers think, one party of them, that the enemy of man and of God, and that enemy's legions, were grieving and wailing, at the hour which Plutarch specifies (the time of evening, and on the very day, when our Lord died), at the redemption just then consummated; others, that the Almighty permitted nature "to sigh through all her works," in sympathy with the voluntary sufferings of her expiring Lord.

"Now, hearken," proceeded Dion in his letter, "to how I was occupied, hundreds of miles away, in Heliopolis, at the time, the very hour of the very day, when so wild and weird a response came from the powers of the air and the recesses of the deep to those who shouted forth, amid a calm on the silent breast of the Ægean Sea, that the great Pan ('the great All,' 'the universal Lord,' as you, my friends, are aware it means in Greek) had died!

"I had gone out, shortly before the sixth hour on this sixth day, to take a stroll in the tree-shaded suburbs of Heliopolis, with my friend Apollophanes. Suddenly, the sun, in a horrible manner, withdrew its light so effectually that we saw the stars. It was the time of the Hebrew Pasch, and the season of the month when the moon is at the full, and the period of an eclipse, or of the moon's apparent conjunction with the sun, was well known not to be then; independ-

ently of which, two unexampled and unnatural portents, contrary to the laws of the heavenly bodies, occurred: first, the moon entered the sun's disc *from the east*; secondly, when she had covered the disc and touched the opposite diameter, instead of passing onward, *she receded*, and resumed her former position in the sky. All the astronomers will tell you that these two facts, and also the time of the eclipse itself, are equally in positive deviation from the otherwise everlasting laws of the sidereal or planetary movements. I felt that either this universal frame was perishing or the Lord and Pilot of nature was himself suffering; and I turned to Apollophanes, and, 'O light of philosophy, glass of science!' I said, 'explain to me what this means.'

"Before answering me, he required that we should together apply the astronomical rule, or formula, of Philip Aridæus; after doing which with the utmost care, he said: 'These changes are supernatural; there is some stupendous revolution or catastrophe occurring in divine affairs, affecting the whole of the Supreme Being's creation.'

"You may be sure, my friends, that we both took a careful note of the hour, the day, the week, month, year; and I intend to inquire everywhere whether in other lands any similar phenomena have appeared; and what overwhelming, unexampled event can have taken place on this little planet of ours to bring the heavens themselves into confusion, and coerce all the powers of nature into so awful a manifestation of sympathy or of horror."

He ended by conveying to Aglais and Paulus the loving remembrance of the Lady Damarais.

Aglais and her son and Esther were spellbound with amazement

when this letter had been read; and Paulus exclaimed:

"What will Dion say when he hears that we also saw this very darkness at the same moment; that the veil of the Temple here has been rent in twain; and that he who expired amid these and so many other portents, Esther, and in the full culmination of the prophecies, is again living, speaking, acting, the Conqueror of death, as he was the Lord of life?"

"Let us go to Athens; let us bring our friends, the Lady Damarais and our dear Dion, to learn and understand what we have ourselves been mercifully taught."

So spoke Aglais, offering at the same time to Esther a mother's protection and love along the journey. Paulus was silent, but gazed pleadingly at Esther.

It was agreed. But in the political dangers of that reign, Paulus, owing to his fame itself, had to take so many precautions that much time was unavoidably lost.

Meanwhile, he had again asked the Jewish maiden to become his wife. Need we say that this time his suit was successful? Paulus and Esther were married.

Christianity in the interim grew from month to month and from year to year, and our wanderers had but just arrived at last in Athens in time to hear, near the statue of "the unknown God," while Damarais, the friend of Aglais, and Dion, the friend of them all, stood near, a majestic stranger, a Roman citizen, him who had sat at the feet of Gamaliel, the glorious Apostle of the Gentiles, who had been "faithful to the heavenly Vision," though he had not seen the Resurrection, explain to the Athenians "him whom they had ignorantly worshipped." And when the sublime messenger of glad tidings related the circumstances of the Pas-

sion, the scenes which had been enacted in Pilate's house (so well remembered by them), the next day's dread event, and when he touched upon the preternatural accompaniments of that final catastrophe, and described the darkness which had overspread the earth from the sixth hour of that day, Dionysius, turning pale, drew out the tablets which he carried habitually, examined the date of which, at Heliopolis, he and Apollophanes had jointly made note, and showed symptoms of an emotion such as he had never before experienced.

He and Damarais, as is well known, were among the converts of Saint Paul on that great occasion. How our other characters felt we need not describe.

Yielding to the entreaties of their beloved Dionysius, they actually loitered in Greece for a few years, during which Christianity had outstripped them and penetrated to Rome, where it was soon welcomed with fire and sword, and where "the blood of martyrs became the seed of Christians." Esther shuddered as she heard names dear to her in the murmured accounts of dreadful torments.

Resuming their westward course, how Paulus rejoiced that he had in time sold everything in Italy, and was armed with opulence in the midst of new and strange trials! They gave Italy a wide offing, and passing round by the south of Germany, with an armed escort which Thellus (who had also become a Christian, and had, while they were in Greece, sent for Prudentia) commanded, they never ceased their travels till they reached the banks of the Seine; and there, undiscernible to the vision of Roman tyranny in the distance, they obtained, by means of the treasures they

had brought, hundreds of stout Gaulish hands to do their bidding, and soon founded a peaceful home amid a happy colony. Hence they sent letters to Agatha and Paterculus.

Two arrivals from the realms of civilization waked into excitement the peaceful tenor of their days. Paulus himself, hearing of the death of Paterculus, ventured quickly back to Italy, in the horrible, short reign of Caligula, and fetched his sister Agatha, now a widow, to live with them. Later still, they were surprised to behold arrive among them one whom they had often mourned as lost to them for ever. It was Dionysius. He came to found Christianity in Gaul, and settled, amidst the friends of his youth, on the banks of the Seine. Often they reverted, with a clear light, to the favorite themes of their boyhood; and often the principal personages who throughout this story have, we hope, interested the reader, gathered around that same Dionysius (who is, indeed, the St. Denis of France), and listened, near the place where Notre Dame now towers, to the first Bishop of Paris, correcting the theories which he had propounded to the Areopagus of Athens as the last of the great Greek philosophers.\*

\* The Roman Breviary thus speaks of St. Dionysius:

"Dionysius of Athens, one of the judges of the Areopagus, was versed in every kind of learning. It is said that, while yet in the errors of paganism, having noticed on the day on which Christ the Lord was crucified that the sun was eclipsed out of the regular course, he exclaimed:

One other arrival greeted, indeed, the expatriated but happy settlement. Longinus found his way among them; and as the proud ideas of a social system upon which they had turned their back no longer tyrannized over Aglais or Paulus, the brave man, biding his time and watching opportunities, found no insurmountable obstacles in obtaining a fair reward for twenty years and more of patient and unalterable love. He and Agatha were married.

'Either the God of nature is suffering, or the universe is on the point of dissolution.' When afterward the Apostle Paul came to Athens, and, being led to the Areopagus, explained the doctrine which he preached, teaching that Christ the Lord had risen, and that the dead would all return to life, Dionysius believed with many others. He was then baptized by the apostle and placed over the church in Athens. He afterward came to Rome, whence he was sent to Gaul by Pope Clement to preach the Gospel. Rusticus, a priest, and Eleutherius, a deacon, followed him to Paris. Here he was scourged, together with his companions, by the Prefect Fescennius, because he had converted many to Christianity; and, as he continued with the greatest constancy to preach the faith, he was afterward stretched upon a gridiron over a fire, and tortured in many other ways; as were likewise his companions. After bearing all these sufferings courageously and gladly, on the ninth of October, Dionysius, now more than a hundred years of age, together with the others, was beheaded. There is a tradition that he took up his head after it had been cut off, and walked with it in his hands a distance of two Roman miles. He wrote admirable and most beautiful books on the divine names, on the heavenly and ecclesiastical hierarchy, on mystical theology; and a number of others."

The Abbé Darbas has published a work on the question of the identity of Dionysius of Athens with Dionysius, first Bishop of Paris, sustaining, with great strength and cogency of argument, the affirmative side. The authenticity of the works which pass under his name, although denied by nearly all modern critics, has been defended by Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris.

—Ed. C. W.

THE END.

## EUROPE'S FUTURE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

To be able to form a correct judgment regarding the future of Europe, there are several points and theories which must be previously considered. First on the list comes—

## I.

## THE RACE THEORY.

"THE key to the success of the Prussian arms in the contest with France is found in the decadence of the Latin and the virility of the German race. The Latin peoples are corrupt; their star is waning; their moral vigor is gone; while the German nations are still young and fresh. German culture, German ideas, German muscle and energy, are taking the place of the decrepit French civilization. The German victories are but the outward expression of this historical process. We are on the threshold of a new epoch in the history of civilization—of a new period which we can appropriately call the German era." Such is the theory which now possesses the German mind, and is expressed in the newspapers, pamphlets, on the railroads, and in the inns all through Germany, with great national self-complacency. Even many Slavonians and Italians adopt this view. The conquest of the Latin by the Germanic races; the downfall of the former; the world-wide sovereignty of the latter—these are high-sounding phrases which have a dramatic effect and are popular in Germany.

But do they express a truth? Are they philosophically and historically correct in view of the actual condition of political and social life? In the first place, what and where are the Latin races about which we have been hearing so much during the past ten years? The southern inhabitants of the Italian peninsula can lay no claim to Latin origin; for it is well known that they were anciently Greek colonies, which have since intermarried with Romans, Spaniards, and Normans. The Lombards of the north of Italy are mostly of Celtic and not of Latin origin, since they inhabit the ancient Gallia Cisalpina. The old Iberians of Spain were not Latins; and they are now mixed with Gothic, Moorish, Celtic, and Basque blood. As for France, its very name imports that the Latins gave a very small contingent towards forming a nation which is certainly of Celtic and German origin, and many of whose provinces are purely of German race, as Alsace and Lorraine. Where, then, shall we find the Latin races?

There are none properly so-called. Looking at the origin of languages, we may, indeed, speak of Latin, or, rather, of Roman nations. In this regard, we may class the Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and French together, on account of the Roman element prevailing in their tongues, in opposition to the Slavonic-German, the Celtic-Anglo-Saxon-Danish-Norman forming the world-wide English, the Scandinavian, and the pure Slavonic families. Does this

theory mean that nations of the same tongue should all be politically and socially united, flourish for a period, and then perish together? Understood in this way, the race theory would have few defenders. It may be true that nations, like individuals, must live a definite period—rise, flourish, and decay. It is true, historically, that every nation has an era of prosperity and an era of decadence. But when we come to the question of universal sovereignty, we may ask, When did the Roman nations ever exercise it? Each of them has had its golden age of literature, art, science, and material prosperity; but none of them has had, for any length of time, the sovereignty of Europe. Not Italy, for instance, unless we go back to the days of old Rome, and then we have not an Italian but a specifically Roman supremacy. Not Spain, for although she exercised great power beyond the ocean, and for a time possessed a preponderating influence in Europe, from the reign of Charles V. to the first successor of Philip II., yet who could call the accidental union of so many crowns on the head of a Hapsburg prince a universal sovereignty for Spain? Lastly, France had her age of glory during the reign of Louis XIV., whose influence, or that of the Napoleonic era, cannot be denied. Yet what gaps separate the reign of the great King from that of the great Emperor! Great as was France under Louis XIV. and Bonaparte, she fell to the second rank of nations during the Restoration and under the July dynasty. As leader in the Revolutionary movement, she has always controlled Europe, even in her periods of political weakness, from the days of the encyclopædists to the present time. Even Germany ac-  
knowledges the sway of French lite-

rature, politeness, and taste. Victorious Berlin copies the fashions and manners of conquered France, as ancient Rome, after conquering Athens, became the slave of Athenian civilization.

Germany, too, must have already passed the period of her maturity, according to the race theory; for, under the Saxon Othos, under the Hohenstaufens, and Charles V., until the Thirty Years' War broke the strength of the empire, she was superior even to France. Does not German genius in its peculiar walks rule the world now? German science, German music? Does not England, usually considered as belonging to the German race, rule the commerce of the world? And was not her political influence on the Continent until recently all-powerful?

No! political sovereignty can be explained by no race theory. From the fall of the first Napoleon until 1848, England with the powers of the "Holy Alliance," or rather with Austria and Russia, held the first place in European politics. From the beginning of 1848 until the Crimean war, England and Russia were in the foreground; after that war it was France and England; now it is Prussia. These are but examples of the political fluctuations which follow each other in continual change, and are seldom of long duration.

And do not the champions of the German race theory see that there is a laughing heir behind them in the Slavonic supremacy? Once admitting the race theory, we must confess that the Panslavist argues well when he says: "The Roman nations are dead; the German are on the point of dying. They once conquered the world; their present effort is the last flicker of the expiring light which points out the road to us. After them comes our race, with fresh vig-



or on the world's scene. Europe's future is Panslavism."

The whole theory is radically false. There are no more primitive races to take the place of the old ones. The Germans are as old as the Romans; or, rather, the Romans were simply Germans civilized before their brethren. Russia alone is young in Europe, but she has nothing new to give us; and physical force, without a new social or moral system accompanying it to establish a conquest, never prevails long. We cannot, therefore, judge of Europe's future by this theory of races.

The power of regeneration must be sought for elsewhere.

## II.

### LIBERALISM.

ONE would have thought that the sanguinary war of 1870 should have dispelled the illusions of liberalism for ever. By liberalism, we mean that party which believes in the principles of 1789, whose ideal is to have the middle classes, or *bourgeoisie*, the ruling power, to have society equally divided, to have an atheistical state, and to obtain eternal peace through unlimited material progress, which would identify the interests of nations. Liberalism, rationalism, and materialism are different names for the same system. A state without God, sovereignty of capital, dissolution of society into individuals, united by no other bond than the force of a liberal parliament majority under the control of wealth; material prosperity of the middle classes, founded on gain and pleasure, with the removal of all historical traditions, all ecclesiastical precepts—such is the dream of this "shopkeepers' system." Has not the present war dispelled the dream

of happiness arising from mere material prosperity? We doubt it. Notwithstanding the many hard lessons which the liberal school has received since the days of Mirabeau and the Girondins, from the lawyers of the July dynasty to Ollivier, it never seems to grow wiser. It is superficial, never looks into the essence of things. It is in vain to charge the present misfortunes of two great nations on the illiberalism of Napoleon and Bismarck, and thus exalt the merits of liberalism; for liberalism or mere material prosperity was at the bottom of all their plans. From 1789 to 1870, France, with few exceptions, was governed by liberalism; and the revolutions begat the natural consequences of this system in anarchy and military despotism. France during this period has made the most wonderful material progress.

We read lately in a liberal journal that the only remedy for the rejuvenation of states was "the inviolability of the individual, and respect for the popular will." Always the same emptiness of phraseology with these impracticable dabbles in philosophy. What will you do if the infallible "popular will" refuses to recognize the inviolability of individuals? Cannot these gentlemen see that their system merely opens the door for socialism? They take away religion, and teach the epicurean theory of enjoyment; they destroy constitutional forms of government, and base authority on the ever-shifting popular whim. Socialism comes after them, and says, "You say there is no God, and I must have pleasure. I have counted myself, and find that I am the majority; therefore, I make a law against capital and property. You must be satisfied, for you are my teacher, and I merely follow out your principles to their logical consequences."

## III.

## SOCIALISM.

A NEW era is dawning. Not a mere political period, but a complete social change, for the actual order of things is disorder, a compound of injustice and abuses. We must have fraternity and equality. Away with the nobles; away with the wealthy classes; away with property; all things must be in common. The happiness of Europe will never be realized until socialism reigns supreme. Such is the socialistic theory. But does not every one see that its realization is impossible, and brings us back to barbarism? The right of property is essential to society. It is contrary to nature to expect that mankind will give up this right to please a whim of drones—a system according to which the lazy and indolent would have as much right to property as the industrious and hard-working. If all is to be common property, who will work, who will strive to acquire, whose ambition will be aroused, whose interest excited for the attainment of something in which he will have no right or title? And in fact, both liberals and socialists use words which they do not mean; they are far more despotic when they get power than those whom they are continually attacking. At the Berne Congress of 1868, a socialist orator said: "We cannot admit that each man shall choose his own faith; man has not the right to choose error; liberty of conscience is our weapon, but not one of our principles!" By error he meant Christianity. In fact, ultra-radicalism is simply ultra-despotism. Men blamed the despotism of Napoleon III.; but look at the despotism of Gambetta, and remember the despotism of Robespierre and the "Reign of Terror." De-

stroy religion, and you have nothing left but egotism. Man becomes to his brother-man either a wolf or a fox.

Socialism may indeed have its day in Europe's future. The logic of liberalism leads to it; but it will be a fearful day of disorder and revolution; a sad day for the wealthier classes; but still only a day. Earthquakes are possible, and sometimes they engulf cities; but they pass away, and quiet returns. New vegetation springs up on the ruins. If socialism ever gains Europe, it will vanish in virtue of the *reductio ad absurdum*; therefore its mastery can never be permanent.

## IV.

## THE INTERNATIONAL POLICY OF EUROPEAN STATES SINCE 1789.

SINCE neither the race theory, nor liberalism, nor socialism, can enable us to solve the problem of Europe's future, let us pass to other considerations, glance rapidly over the past, study the present external and internal condition of the continent, in order to be able to form a judgment on the subject which we are discussing.

The French Revolution of 1789 had its effects all over Europe. In France since that date, liberalism, anarchy, and Byzantinism have held alternate sway. The Bonaparte invasions carried through the rest of Europe the liberal principle of secularization with the *Code Napoleon*. The writings of the philosophers and encyclopædists, and Josephism, had prepared the way. The reaction of 1815 was based on Masonic theories of philanthropism and religious indifferentism. The Emperor Alexander and the Holy Alliance were infected with these views. The revolutionary move-



